SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 26, 1959
America's National Sports Weekly
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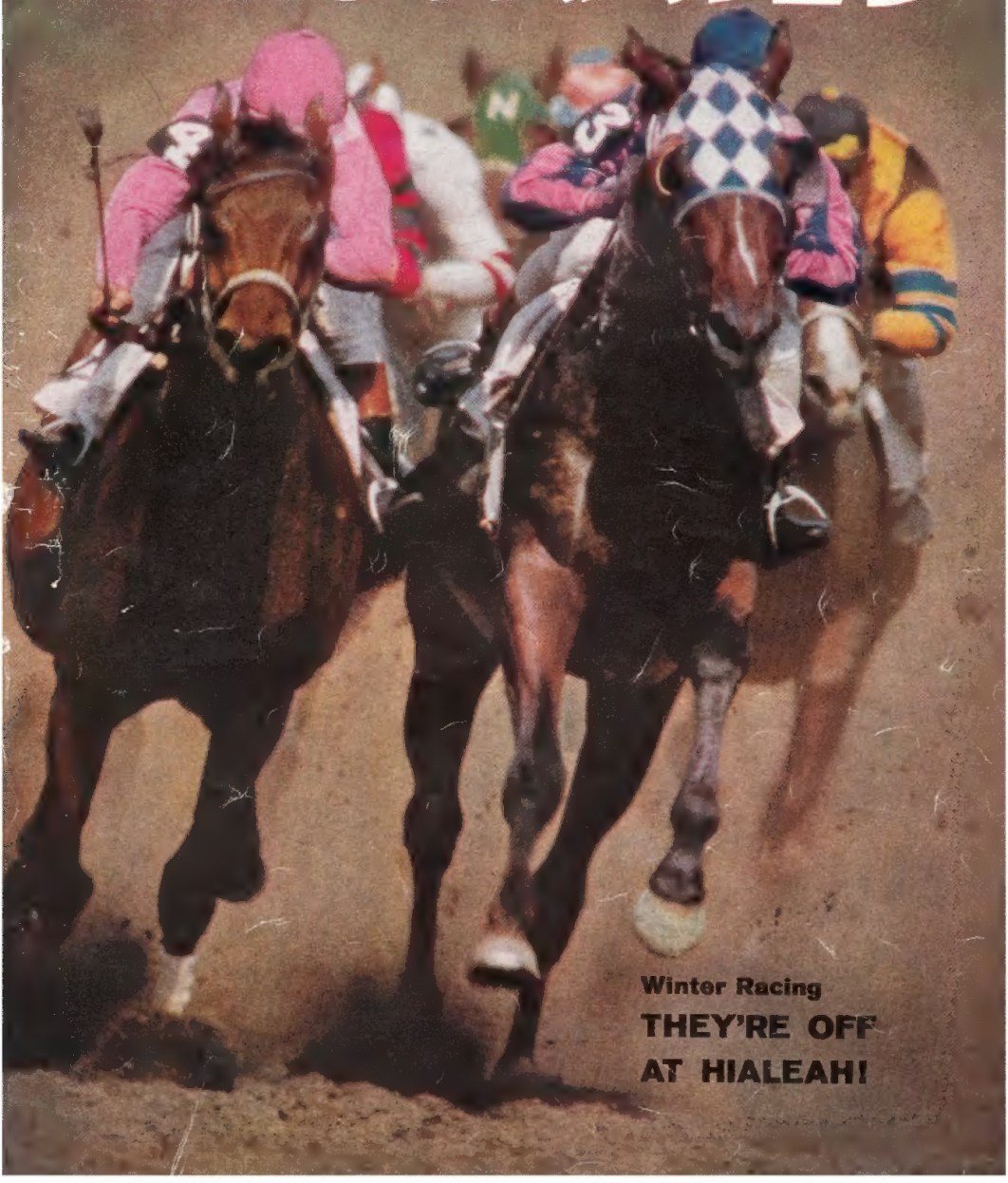

Winter Racing

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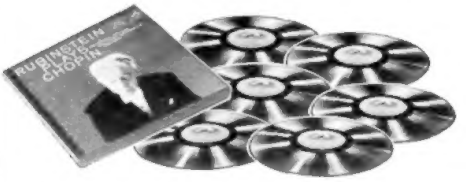

Arturo Toscanini

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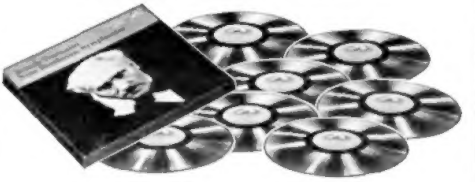

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✶ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR,** composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY,** editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music editor of *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard University.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EACH month, three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only $4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V84-1
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
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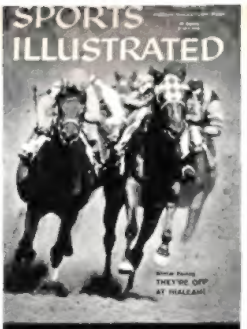
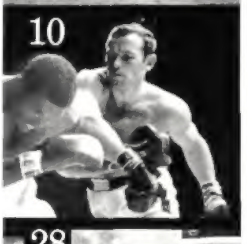
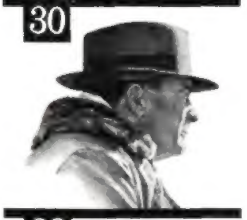


Cover: Hialeah ▶

The opening of the Hialeah race track in Miami always signals the start of a new racing year for eastern fans. On page 38 William Leggett relays a first glimpse of 1959.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman





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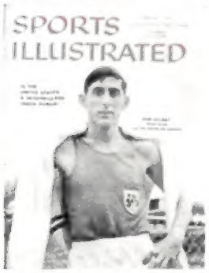

▶ Athletes like Ireland's Ron Delany pose a severe threat to U.S. world supremacy in track. Tex Maule explores the challenge and assays the current indoor track campaign.

▶ This is the time of the basketball fever in thousands of small towns across the nation. Gerald Holland visits Pinckneyville, Ill. and covers a crucial high school game.

▶ The winter fishing season is upon us. As part of a continuing series, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents a report on the bonefish, the "white fox" of the salt-water shallows.

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GENERATIONS of Englishmen have been taught to refuse steak and chops unless Sauce Provençale stood by. (That's what *we* heard.)

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In Sauce Provençale are tomatoes, mangoes, raisins, vinegar, oranges, spices—we *swore* not to tell all. But buy a bottle and open up bright, new horizons of flavor.

P.S. *This is only one of over 60 rare foods, picked from the four corners of the world. If your department stores and fine food shops don't carry it yet, write us for the store nearest you.*

GENERAL FOODS

GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

MEMO *from the publisher*

WHEN man-made satellites course through space and nuclear submarines sail under the North Pole and the Senators win the pennant (if only in the movies), it's getting harder and harder these days for anything to be really surprising. So it was a twofold pleasure recently to learn of one thing which is still as delightfully surprising as ever—an old-fashioned surprise party.

KEITH METS receives Silver Anniversary goal posts from his old coach, J. R. (Pop) McKale.

Only moments after Keith Mets of Holtville, California had learned of his selection as a member of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1958 Silver Anniversary All-America, he and Mrs. Mets received an invitation to Holtville's annual Rotary ladies' night dinner. Ready as always to join in civic celebration, Mr. and Mrs. Mets arrived promptly on the evening of December 19 at the Imperial County Fairgrounds' Ben Hulse Auditorium.

The hall looked less than feminine but more than festive. In the center of the stage stood a 10-foot-by-6-foot replica of the Silver Anniversary goal posts, flanked by two huge SPORTS ILLUSTRATED covers bearing magnified likenesses of Mets 25 years ago and Mets today. Pennants and colors of the University of Arizona, where he won his letter, decked the walls. Of Holtville's 3,202 population, a good 10% were on hand. In true *This Is Your Life* style, Mets was jubilantly greeted by his college roommate, his coach and a mob of his former teammates and Sigma Chi fraternity brothers. There were members of the Future Farmers of America, the county government, the Imperial Valley Farmers Association and hosts of people from other organizations with reason to honor the honored guest.

This night, it was clear, did not belong to the ladies. Neither did that day, as a matter of fact, nor its morrow. For, by governor's proclamation, December 19th was Keith Mets Day in Arizona; and likewise, by mayor's proclamation, was the 20th in Holtville.

Said Keith Mets, Wildcat tackle, class of '34, Imperial Valley rancher and civic leader, as he finally made his way through an admiring crowd, "This beats any day on the football field I've ever seen."

Harry Phillips

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Jimmy Jemail's

HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Who is the greatest putter you ever saw (asked at Dorado Beach Hotel)?*

FRED CORCORAN
Scarsdale, N.Y.
Tournament director
Intl. Golf. Assn.

I've seen Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet, Walter Hagen, Ben Hogan, Gene Sarazen. No golfer ever admits he is a great putter. Sam Snead always says, "If I could only putt." Probably the greatest putter I've ever seen in championship play was Horton Smith, who won the Masters twice and over 50 PGA and sectional tournaments.

SHELLY MAYFIELD
Jericho, N.Y.
Pro at Meadow Brook Club

In my opinion, Johnny Palmer was the best of them. Every time the ball came off his putter it rolled true, never more than six inches from the cup. And he always putted beyond, never short of, the cup. In other words, he always putted far enough so that if the ball was on the correct line, and it usually was, it would finish in the hole.

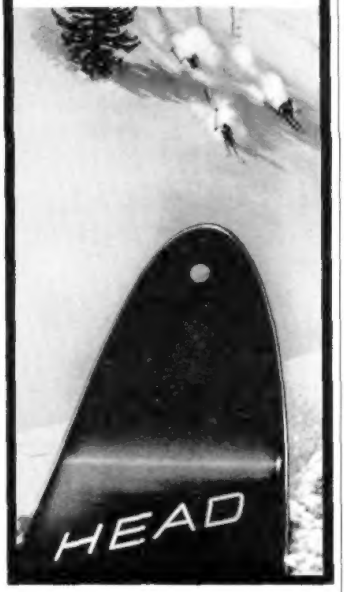
continued

READING THE MALE MIND

...it's FRENCH STYLE ONION SOUP by CROSSE & BLACKWELL

The husband who drags his feet past the soup display has but *one* thing on his mind: French Style Onion Soup, by Crosse & Blackwell. Shopping bag and store fade away, as thoughts of rich beef stock, savory onions, delicate seasoning swim before his eyes. Quickest way to get him home is to buy a can or two. Or three. CROSSE & BLACKWELL CO., Baltimore, Maryland. *Fine Foods Since 1706.*

Inimitable
HEAD SKIS



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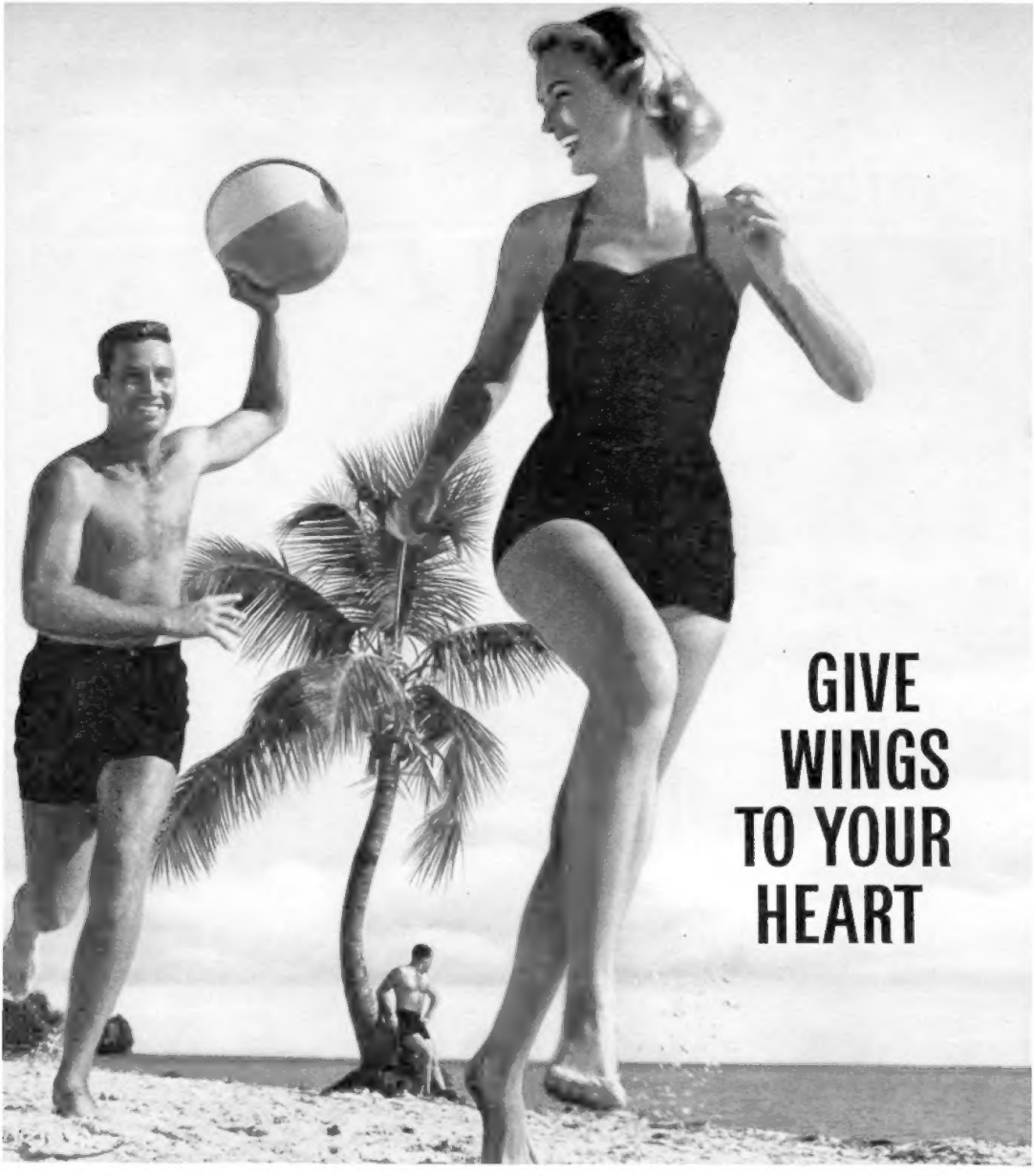

FLY NORTHWEST TO HAWAII

You'll never know how young you really are until you sprint across the beach at Waikiki. It's the soft, delicious air; the smell of gardenias and chinaberry trees; that fresh and special sparkle in milady's eyes. Makes you want to climb mountains, dive for pearls, swing on vines. And in Hawaii's magic isles, you *can*. Board your Northwest Orient Airlines plane today, be in Honolulu tomorrow morning. Our new 15-day excursion fare saves you $34, round trip. That means $34 less than *tourist* fare. To set the date, call your travel agent or

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ED DUDLEY
Dorado, P.R.
Pro at the Dorado Beach golf club

Bobby Jones. He excelled on the green. He holed an over-100-foot putt at St. Andrews and they're still talking about it. He also holed a 40-footer which was not a straight putt but over a hump, uphill and slightly sidehill on the 18th hole and last putt of the National Open at Interlachen, Minn.

JAMES WEAR WALKER
Westbury, N.Y.
Son of Walker Cup donor

Devereux Milburn Jr., the greatest of all amateur putters. He holed them when he had to. Milburn was the wildest golfer in the world, driving all over the course and in the traps, but on the green he was great. Another great putter is Dizzy Dean, as accurate with a putter as he was with a baseball.

DOUG FORD
Yonkers, N.Y.
Golf pro

Bobby Locke. He won the British Open four times and beat everyone here, including Hogan and Snead. With his great set of nerves, he made more putts than any man I ever saw. He had a fine sense of touch, the best 10-foot-in putter I ever saw, and he'd get the 20- and 30-footers, too.

FREDERICK M. EATON
Dublin, N.Y.
Lawyer

The greatest amateur putter I ever saw was Joe Close of Toledo, Ohio and Dublin, N.Y. He was the only player I ever saw play 17 one-putt greens in one round. And I would say that James Wear Walker is probably as good an amateur putter. The greatest of all pro putters was Ted Ray of England.

ROBERT E. STRAWBRIDGE JR.
Philadelphia
Honorary chairman U.S. Polo Assn.

The best was Bobby Jones, whom I used to see play at the Merion Cricket Club outside Philadelphia. I saw a lot of great putters—Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Walter Hagen, a great putter in the clutch, but none of them compared with Bobby Jones, with his putter, Calamity Jane.

ALSTON BOYER
Dorado Beach
Hotel executive
Dorado, P.R.

Vice-president of the Piping Rock Club in Locust Valley, N.Y. for years, the late Joseph E. Davis was a superb putter. He wasn't a pro, but he could sink the ball from any spot on the green. Everyone called him The Wizard. I used to swear he compounded a secret potion for his big wooden putter.

FRED WHITMAN
San Francisco
Real estate investor

I'm sticking my neck out because, with my handicap, the guys I pass over are going to cut my throat. But I can't name anyone but Harvie Ward. He sinks more putts from any direction than anyone I've ever seen. This ability, with his even temperament, adds up to a great game from the tee to the green.

J. RUSSELL FORGAN
Chicago
Investment banker

A man who played before you were born, Walter J. Travis. Why? Because he holed more putts in championship play. He made his reputation on the greens. Travis didn't start to play golf until he was 35. He was the first American to win the British Amateur and he won it with his putter.

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Every passenger, on *every* Northwest flight to and from Hawaii, receives Royal Aloha Service. Settle back into deep reclining seats, all two abreast, as radar smooths the flight path. Enjoy the little niceties . . . fine food, champagne . . . a fragrant floral lei . . . compliments of Northwest. See you soon?

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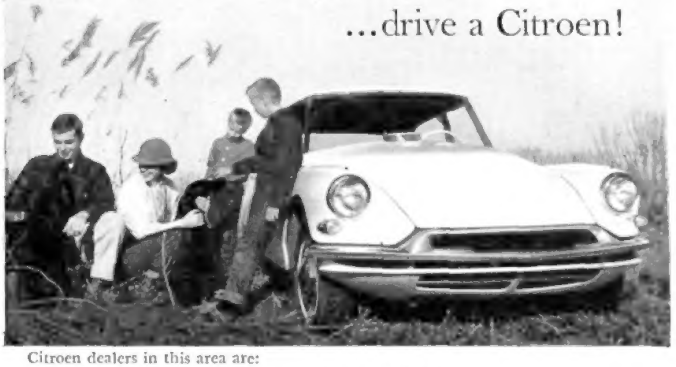
...drive a Citroen!



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Pro Hockey Schedule

JANUARY 24	*New York at Montreal* Boston at Toronto Chicago at Detroit*
JANUARY 25	Montreal at Detroit Toronto at Chicago New York at Boston
JANUARY 28	Chicago at New York
JANUARY 29	Detroit at Montreal
JANUARY 31	Chicago at Montreal New York at Toronto *Detroit at Boston**
FEBRUARY 1	Montreal at Chicago Toronto at Boston Detroit at New York
FEBRUARY 5	Toronto at Montreal New York at Detroit Chicago at Boston
FEBRUARY 7	Boston at Montreal Detroit at Toronto Chicago at New York*
FEBRUARY 8	Montreal at Detroit Toronto at Chicago New York at Boston
FEBRUARY 11	Montreal at Toronto Boston at New York
FEBRUARY 12	New York at Detroit Chicago at Boston
FEBRUARY 14	Montreal at Boston* Chicago at Toronto
FEBRUARY 15	Montreal at New York Toronto at Detroit Boston at Chicago
FEBRUARY 18	New York at Chicago
FEBRUARY 19	Detroit at *Montreal*
FEBRUARY 21	Boston at Montreal New York at Toronto Chicago at Detroit*
FEBRUARY 22	Montreal at New York Toronto at Chicago Boston at Detroit
FEBRUARY 25	Montreal at Toronto Detroit at New York
FEBRUARY 28	New York at Montreal Detroit at Toronto Boston at Chicago*
MARCH 1	Toronto at New York Detroit at Chicago
MARCH 3	Boston at Detroit
MARCH 4	Chicago at Toronto
MARCH 5	Toronto at Montreal Detroit at Boston
MARCH 7	Detroit at Montreal Boston at Toronto New York at Chicago*
MARCH 8	Montreal at Chicago Toronto at Boston Detroit at New York
MARCH 10	Montreal at Detroit
MARCH 11	Montreal at Toronto Chicago at New York
MARCH 12	New York at Boston

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

NORTH CAROLINA'S Lee Shaffer launches layup in 72-68 win over N.C. State.

THE SOUTH

North Carolina and **North Carolina State** *jostled the lead back and forth like* a hot potato but in the end it was the *Tar Heels who held on longest to win* 72-68 in overtime for first place in the ACC. With Governor Luther Hodges and 14,049 other excited fans whooping it up, a driving layup by big Lee Shaffer gave North Carolina the winning basket, and Harvey Salz added two foul shots in the very last second.

In the SEC, unbeaten **Auburn** had some bad moments before three clutch pop shots by Jimmy Lee sneaked the Tigers past **Alabama** 57-55 for their 22nd straight, while **Mississippi State** trounced **Vanderbilt** 83-65 and **Mississippi** 87-58. **Kentucky**, working easily against zone defenses, beat **Tulane** 85-68 and **Tennessee** 79-58. Observed Coach Adolph Rupp: "Any team that plays the zone against us may think they have murder in mind, but actually it's suicide."

THE SOUTHWEST

In Texas, where men are supposed to be *men and coaches are almost always glad* of it, some men seemed to be acting like boys as they hanged Texas' Marshall Hughes and **Rice**'s Don Suman in effigy. But more important SWC news was made by **Baylor** and **Texas Tech**. Baylor's Bob Turner shot **SMU** out of a zone defense with his 27 points to help beat the Mustangs 70-53 and then the Bears used a zone of their own to upset Rice 46-45. Texas Tech defeated Texas 64-47 and took the first fall out of **TCU** 61-57. TCU was still on top but the race tightened up after **Texas A&M** squeezed by **Arkansas** 63-62 and clobbered Texas 73-29.

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten deck underwent its weekly shuffling, and this time **Michigan** and **Illinois** wound up on top. Michigan beat down **Wisconsin** 84-74 and the Illini outshot **Iowa** 103-97, but both needed a *helping hand and got it from Iowa and* **Ohio State**. The Hawkeyes caught **Indiana** by surprise and bumped the Hoosiers 88-78. State upset **Northwestern** 88-77.

Kansas State breezed past **Oklahoma** 90-45 and **Missouri** 75-60 to hold firm in the Big Eight. Missouri Valley leader **Cincinnati** was given a scare by stalling **North Texas State** but pulled ahead in overtime to win 64-56 and then drubbed **Drake** 97-60 as Oscar Robertson scored 40 points; **Miami of Ohio** caused some rumbling in the Mid-American Conference, edging **Ohio U.** 56-54 and **Bowling Green** 70-68 to breathe heavily down the neck of **Kent State**. **Marquette** outraced **Valparaiso** 96-74 for its 11th straight.

THE EAST

Princeton, laying it on poor **Columbia** 75-66 and **Cornell** 66-52, moved to the top of the Ivy League but was only a bare half-game ahead of **Dartmouth**'s defending champions. Coach Doggie Julian's Indians whomped **Harvard** 74-56 in their only Ivy test, then found themselves hard-pressed to beat **Manhattan** 63-61 in double overtime at Hanover.

Philadelphians, who wondered how **St. John's** could have beaten **St. Joseph's** in New York's Holiday Festival, got a chance to see for themselves and were convinced after Alan Seiden and Tony Jackson led the Redmen to an easy 97-72 victory. Unbeaten **St. Bonaventure** made **Canisius** its ninth straight victim 86-79 but **Holy Cross** found **Syracuse** too hot to handle and lost 85-73.

THE WEST

UCLA's Walt Torrence developed a fine case of hot hands at the right time and carried the Bruins to upset victories over **USC** 57-53 and 65-63 and into first place in the wild PCC. But **California**, bounced from the lead by **Stanford** 56-53, came back to whip the Indians 67-46 and stay on the heels of UCLA.

St. Mary's outmuscled **Santa Clara** 65-54 to top the West Coast Conference; **Utah** beat **New Mexico** 76-50 and **Denver** 72-56 in the Skyline Conference.

PREVIEW: TV GAME OF THE WEEK

Saturday, January 24, NBC-TV, 3 p.m. (E.S.T.

CINCINNATI **VS.** **XAVIER**

SCOUTING REPORT: Cincinnati loves to fast-break, but the Bearcats often are forced into playing other team's slowdown game. Either way, Robertson *see page 18* is key man on attack. He gets help from Davis, a fine outside shooter, and Mendenhall, a quick-breaking driver. Weakness is lack of mobility of big men. Wiesenhahn and Tenwick. Team uses switching man-to-man defense, but if occasion calls for full-court press Davis and Mendenhall move up front with Robertson, and Bouldin and Whitaker replace big men.

11	John Bryant	F	6-3
12	Oscar Robertson	F	6-5
14	Ron Dykes	F	6-4
15	Dave Tenwick	F-C	6-6
21	Bob Wesenhahn	F	6-4
22	Ron Nall	F	6-4
23	Larry Willey	C	6-6
24	Mel Landfried	C	6-7
25	Ralph Davis	G	6-4
31	Mike Mendenhall	G	6-4
34	Carl Bouldin	G	6-1
35	Bill Whitaker	G	6-1

SCOUTING REPORT: Xavier operates from double post with two players flanking pivotmen and lonesome guard (Stein) bringing ball upcourt. But Muskies, despite lack of good team speed, will run if they get the chance. Stein is fast, good outside shot, and together with Viviano, a top rebounder, provides one-two scoring punch. Alternating big men, Piontek, Nicolai and Phillips, control the boards but do little scoring. Xavier relies on zone defense but may take cue from recent Cincinnati rivals and assign one man to play the elusive Robertson.

21	Rick Jannott	G	6-0
22	Bill Middendorf	F	6-4
23	Charlie Phillips	F	6-9
31	Ducky Castelle	G	5-11
32	A. Gundrum	G	5-9
33	Jim Dentlinger	G	6-3
34	Hank Stein	G	6-2
41	Joe Viviano	F	6-5
42	Ed Tepe	F	6-4
43	Rich Piontek	F-C	6-8
44	Ron Nicolai	C	6-8
53	Jim Putholf	F	6-3

THE PROS

It was the same old story as the NBA season approached the halfway mark and the All-Star Game in Detroit on January 23 (NBC-TV, 10 p.m. E.S.T.). The Boston Celtics and St. Louis Hawks were sprinting away from the opposition. No one had yet found a way to stop Boston's magnificent Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman and Bill Russell and St. Louis' Bob Pettit short of kidnaping them. New York, Syracuse and Philadelphia were trailing badly in the East while Detroit, Minneapolis and Cincinnati were lagging far behind in the West. The rundown:

Boston: After a slow start, the Celtics picked up momentum when ailing Cousy regained his health and added his magic touch to the offense. Russell's rebounding average 23 per game and Sharman's near-perfect foul shooting, plus a strong bench, should keep Boston moving at top speed in the second half.

New York: The Knicks started fast and were far above their heads in the early weeks. But injuries to Charlie Tyra, Willie Naulls and Ron Sobie and the usual pivot problems brought New York back to the rest of the league.

Syracuse: Dolph Schayes is showing signs of slowing down and Ed Conlin and Connie Dierking have been subpar. Poor rebounding has contributed to the Nats' troubles, but they could make a run at the Knicks if Schayes gets his second wind.

Philadelphia: The Philadelphia story is one of injuries and illness. Tom Gola and Guy Rodgers have been sidelined, and Neil Johnston is out for the season with a bad knee. Paul Arizin is still one of the league's great shooters and Woody Sauldsberry is having a good second year, but they can't do it alone.

St. Louis: Owner Ben Kerner seems to have found the coach he wants in Easy Ed Macauley, and he certainly has the player he needs in Pettit, the league's leading scorer. Pettit, Cliff Hagan, Slater Martin, Clyde Lovellette and now Si Green, acquired from Cincinnati, make the Hawks tough to beat.

Detroit: Lack of bench strength, George Yardley's inability to match his 1958 point splurge and Dick McGuire's reluctance to shoot have cost the Pistons dearly. Detroit will have to fight Minneapolis for second place.

Minneapolis: Rookie Elgin Baylor, with a 23-point average, is the best newcomer in the NBA, and he has kept the Lakers afloat. Dick Garmaker's shooting has helped, but old dependables Vern Mikkelsen and Larry Foust have been depended upon for too long and are beginning to slip.

Cincinnati: The Royals have never been able to come back after losing Maurice Stokes and Dick Ricketts, and the trading off of Clyde Lovellette and Si Green didn't help. They seem doomed to remain in the cellar.

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL *ROY HAMEY, general manager of Philadelphia Phillies, resigned to become assistant general manager of New York Yankees. JOHN QUINN named manager of Milwaukee Braves, succeeding Birdie Tebbetts, who resigned as manager of Reds. BIRDIE TEBBETTS became general manager of Reds.*

CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT *in unanimous decision, ruled disputed Chavez Ravine contract between City of Los Angeles and Dodgers is void. Opponents cannot appeal to U.S. Supreme Court.*

BASKETBALL *BOSTON, champion NBA Eastern Division, 30-10 at season's halfway point. Western Division All-Star team defeated Eastern All-Star team, 130-124, in annual game played Monday night, Jan. 5, at Rochester, N.Y. Bob Petersen, guard at Buffalo, Rookie of Year. Bill Heath, St. Louis, with 17.6.*

BOXING *SONNY LISTON, [illegible] over Eddie Machen in [illegible] Las Vegas, Nev. Referee Max Baer stopped contest. Champion PEARL MOSKLAD, [illegible] decision over Ingemar Johansson, challenger, Gothenburg, Sweden. SADAO YOKOTA, [illegible] over Pete Rademacher, Tokyo, Japan, [illegible] fight, Tokyo.*

CURLING *MONTREAL NO. 2 over Brantford, Ont., Kitchener, International Challenge Trophy, Lake Placid, N.Y.*

FIELD TRIALS—*DOUBLE TROUBLE pointer, owned and trained by L. H. Nicholas, Cranbury, N.J., [illegible] National Field Trial Association.*

FOOTBALL *College coaches and players [illegible] of comings and goings. Among them: EARL BLAIK, [illegible] coach, [illegible] Detroit Lions, signed JOSH CODY, [illegible] Texas athletic director, resigned. JIM MYLER, ex-Purdue star and coach, resigned as head coach of Detroit Lions. Assistant coach PERRY MOSS, [illegible] Miami (Fla.) coach, signed to head Florida State coach. FRED BRUCE, ex-Chicago Cards coach, resigned as head coach of Marquette U. [illegible] coach.*

GOLF *ART WALL, Honesdale, Pa., [illegible] Bing Crosby Tournament, Jan. 3-4, for 72 holes at Pebble Beach, Calif. Runners-up: Gene Littler and Jerry Dean, with 287. ERNIE TOSSELL, Montreal, Que., [illegible] time Metropolitan champion with 274 for 72 holes, beating record. Runners-up: John McMullin, Alameda, Calif., with 275. RUTHIE JENSEN, Seattle, [illegible] Women's Open, with 301 for 72 holes. Runner-up: Mary Lena Faulk, Thomasville, Ga., with 307.*

HOCKEY *MONTREAL [illegible], Detroit second, New York third in NHL [illegible].*

HORSE RACING *TERRANG, $[illegible] Santa Catalina H., 1¼ m., by half length, in 1:[illegible]. Sante Anita. Willie Boland up. OH TOPUS, $[illegible] Hialeah N., 1 m., by ¾ length, in 1:[illegible]. Hialeah Kenny Church p. BUG BRUSH, $21,050 Santa Monica H., 7 f., by two lengths, in 1:[illegible]. Santa Anita. Angel Valenzuela up. SOLUTION, $19,475 Royal Poinciana, first division, [illegible] Hialeah Kenny Church up. KENTUCKY PRIDE, $[illegible] Royal Poinciana, second division, 6 f., by four lengths, in 1:09⅗. Hialeah. Steve Brooks up.*

SQUASH RACQUETS *HENRI SALAUN, Boston, over Al Chevarie, Bethlehem, Pa., [illegible] Detroit, [illegible] open championship in Toronto.*

SWIMMING *JOHN KONRADS, [illegible] Olympic and world champion, [illegible] in Australia to break world record for 1,500-m. [illegible]. JESS KONRADS, [illegible] brother, [illegible] Australia to break world record for 1,650-yd. [illegible] in Sydney.*

TRACK & FIELD *JOHN THOMAS, 17, Boston University, [illegible] indoor high jump record with leap of 6' 11⅝" in Massachusetts K of C meet.*

MILEPOSTS *RETIRED: FRED ATKINSON, [illegible] baseball player, [illegible] manager, [illegible] coach, [illegible] umpire, [illegible] baseball player for 25 years, [illegible] been around the world a couple of times [illegible] baseball in the process. Manager of the Month [illegible]. RETIRED: EVELYN [illegible], [illegible] Power Boat Club.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4 [illegible] 6 7 [illegible]
10 11 12 20
[illegible] 24 5
26
31 38, 39
40 41 42, 43
44
46 56

faces in the crowd . . .

ANDERL MOLTERER, 27, the defending holder of Hahnenkamm ski trophy, won it again on slopes of native Austria after Bud Werner of U.S. lost footing, lead and title in the slalom finals.

PRINCESS IRENE, 19, second in line for the Dutch throne entered Dutch national skiing championships in French Alps without royal star, wound up second in line for the Dutch women's title.

JOE CRONIN, 52, Hall of Fame Boston Red Sox shortstop, quit job as Sox general manager to take over for Will Harridge as American League president, was replaced by veteran Bucky Harris.

LAWRENCE ELLIOTT, 18, skittered 880 yards in 1:54.9 at junior track meet in Australia, in so doing erased for the second time a standing record left behind by his remarkable brother Herb.

FOREST EVASHEVSKI, Iowa football coach, received Zuppke Trophy for the toughest team with the toughest schedule" at Columbus (Ohio) Touchdown Club All-Sports awards dinner.

HENRY WITTENBERG, Yeshiva University wrestling coach and Olympic gold medalist (US) was named coach to lead YAU squad to South Lincoln this summer in East-West return matches.

OWEN AISHER, British yachtsman whose *Lutine* raced hapless *Sceptre* last spring, let it be known the next America's Cup challenge, perhaps for '61, may bring best two British boats here.

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COMING EVENTS

January 23 to January 29
[illegible] E.S.T.

★ *Color television* ● *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, January 23

BASKETBALL (pro)
● ■ East-West All-Star game, Detroit, 10 p.m. (NBC)

BOATING
Miami-Nassau Race, Miami, Fla. to Nassau, B.W.I.

GOLF
Championship Division, [illegible] Springs, Fla., through Jan. 27

TRACK & FIELD
Senior Met Association Championships, Madison Square Garden, New York

Saturday, January 24

BASKETBALL (college)
● Cincinnati at Xavier, 3 p.m. (NBC).
Georgia Tech at [illegible]
Michigan State at Minnesota.
● *Northwestern at Iowa (Big Ten regional,* [illegible]
● Oklahoma at Oklahoma State (Mid-Southwest [illegible]
St. Bonaventure at [illegible]
St. John's (N.Y.) at [illegible]
West Virginia at Western Kentucky at [illegible]

BOWLING
● Women's Major League Bowling, Princess Lanes, Coral Gables, Fla., 5 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
● All-Star Golf, Demaret vs. Boros, Sea Island, Ga., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).

HOCKEY
Boston at Toronto
■ Chicago at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS).
New York at Montreal

HORSE RACING
San Marcos Handicap, [illegible] Santa Anita, Calif.
● ■ Royal Palm Handicap, $25,000, Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

SQUASH
Harry Cowles Singles, New York [illegible] also Jan. 25

TABLE TENNIS
Eastern Open, Washington, D.C. [illegible] also Jan. 25

TRACK & FIELD
Washington Evening Star Meet, Washington, D.C.
Philadelphia Open, Chicago

Sunday, January 25

BASKETBALL (pro)
Detroit at Boston.
Minneapolis at Philadelphia
New York at St. Louis
● Syracuse at Cincinnati, 2 p.m. (NBC)

HORSE SHOW
Sunnyfield Farm, Bedford Village, N.Y.

ROLLER DERBY
● Roller Derby, 3:30 p.m. (ABC).

Monday, January 26

BASKETBALL (college)
Bradley at Detroit.
Drake at Cincinnati.
Iowa State at Kansas State
Kentucky at Georgia Tech.
Oklahoma City at Idaho State.

Tuesday, January 27

BASKETBALL (pro)
Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, New York vs. St. Louis at New York
Syracuse at Detroit

GOLF
[illegible] Open, Dunedin, Fla., through Feb. 1

Wednesday, January 28

BOXING
● Giardello vs. Jones, middles, 10 rds., Louisville, 10 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
Women's [illegible] Championship, Hollywood, Fla. through Feb. 1

Thursday, January 29

BASKETBALL (pro)
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis at Hershey

CURLING
Caledonian Bonspiel, Hasenpfeffer Hurlers, New York, through Feb. 1

GOLF
San Diego Open, $20,000, San Diego, through Feb. 1

* See local listing

the Silver Hawk

by STUDEBAKER

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SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
JANUARY 26, 1959

INGO IS THE MAN FOR

In boxing, times have changed. The IBC's monopoly is over, and the leading heavyweight challenger is a handsome, tax-saving Swedish businessman with a very good right hand

by MARTIN KANE

THERE WERE three men last week at Earls Court, London's famous arena, who had a chance to fight Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight championship of the world. One was Brian London, holder of the Great Britain and Empire title, a brawler who has Bob Hope's prominent chin, Sir Aubrey Smith's prominent nose and the latter-day Bing Crosby's prominent belly. Another was the challenger, Henry Cooper, who had stopped London in one round almost three years before, a fellow with a stately style and a sturdy jab. The third was Ingemar Johansson, a spectator in a dinner jacket.

Circumstances alter cases and faces. Cooper, who won, came out of the fight so cut about the eyes that he probably will not be able to fight again until June. That had been the time planned for a Floyd Patterson-Johansson bout, which was to have been preceded by a Patterson-Cooper fight in March, assuming Cooper won, because Patterson, sluggish from inactivity, sorely needs to sharpen his weapons before taking on a man of Johansson's ability. Now chaos prevails. Cooper must be allowed time to heal, and the schedule looks like something the Long Island Rail Road would improvise in a blizzard.

London, who had been the press fa-

BATTERED HENRY COOPER WON BLOODY BOUT FROM BRIAN LONDON BUT INJURIES HE RECEIVED UPSET JOHANSSON'S PLANS

1959

Vottle, was beaten in spite of some very intelligent heeling and batting. He may never be seen again, and, if so, the world will not have lost a *Mona Lisa*.

Johansson, who had already beaten Cooper, had just been insulted publicly by the surly Londoner, who refused to shake hands with him when they were introduced at the ring before the bout. As a result, Johansson's Swedish blood steamed like hot buttered aquavit. Throughout the fight, which went 15 rounds to a blood-spattered decision, he rooted for Cooper. Afterwards, he issued a terse statement to the press.

"London is a bum," he said.

The best prizefighter in Sweden's history is a former street paver who disapproves not only of Brian London but also of Picasso and all modern art, a hardheaded businessman with a blonde secretary and downtown suite of offices, and a handsome, dimple-chinned young fellow of 26 who looks very like the Lindbergh of Le Bourget Field. As this has made Ingemar Johansson a Swedish hero, the protege of businessmen who admire his commercial intelligence and very attractive to women. He himself has a very pretty girl friend, but he believes that prizefighters should not marry.

He is, you might say, a conservative type but with built-in contradictions. He is a deceptive fighter, where he spars cautiously and studiously until a certain moment arrives when he decides that a large, businesslike profit might be realized by throwing a right hand at his opponent's jaw. It was this that he made his future last September against Eddie Machen, then alleged to be No. 1 boy among the challengers to Floyd Patterson's title.

The chances are that Johansson owns the most devastating right-hand punch of any heavyweight currently

continued

DAPPER INGEMAR wore gentlemanly black tie to Cooper-London brawl, seethed in anger when London refused to shake hands, rooted for Cooper, called Brian "a bum."

practicing. With it, and a sometimes surprising left, he has scored 12 knockouts in 21 professional fights and has won the heavyweight championship of Europe, an honor that became quite respectable during 1958, when top-rated American heavyweights fell before him and England's, so to speak, finest.

What is Ingemar Ingo Johansson, European champion and Gothenburg businessman, thinking of these days? He is thinking that he would like to fight Floyd Patterson for the championship of the world but he is also thinking that he would like to add to his already considerable business investments—he is an earth-moving contractor—by buying a $100,000 fishing vessel in Holland. The deal is now in progress. These two considerations, sport and business, are always in his mind and sometimes intermingled.

The Patterson bout is all but certain, despite legalistic difficulties that are being ironed out. Terms were discussed thoroughly two weeks ago at Gothenburg's Swedish-American-style Park Avenue hotel in meetings between Bill Rosensohn, promoter, and Edwin Ahlquist, Johansson's adviser. Lawyers for both Patterson and Johansson were present. The talks were continued later in London before the London-Cooper fight and in New York this week.

These bargaining sessions were brought about by Johansson's defeat of Eddie Machen, the erstwhile pretender to Patterson's crown, an achievement which had suddenly boosted Ingemar into world prominence. While 53,684 Swedes, who had paid up to $22 ringside for less than three minutes of joy, screamed in Gothenburg's handsome Nya Ullevi outdoor stadium, Ingo knocked out Machen in the first round, banging him to the canvas three times. Ever since then Ahlquist, who promoted the fight and has been Johansson's adviser since he saw a 15-year-old Ingemar knock out an older and stronger heavyweight in his first amateur bout, has been dickering with Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager. But since Cus is both a dickerer and a bickerer, negotiations have been shadowed over with the black megrims of his war with the International Boxing Club, which claims prior rights to Johansson and contends, in fact, that it owns a contract calling for Johansson to meet Machen in a return match. Ahlquist argues that he also signed the contract and that he signed it under the duress of a threat by Machen's manager, Sid Flaherty, to pull out of the fight the very day before, when 40,000 tickets had been sold. This is presumed to give Ahlquist some protection against any lawsuit the IBC might bring to stop a Patterson-Johansson fight. But last week the lawyers, as they cast about for all legal weapons available, debated the point with furrowed brows.

Ahlquist, a prosperous publisher of sporting and youth periodicals as well as a fight promoter, has thus come to regard the IBC eye to eye with D'Amato.

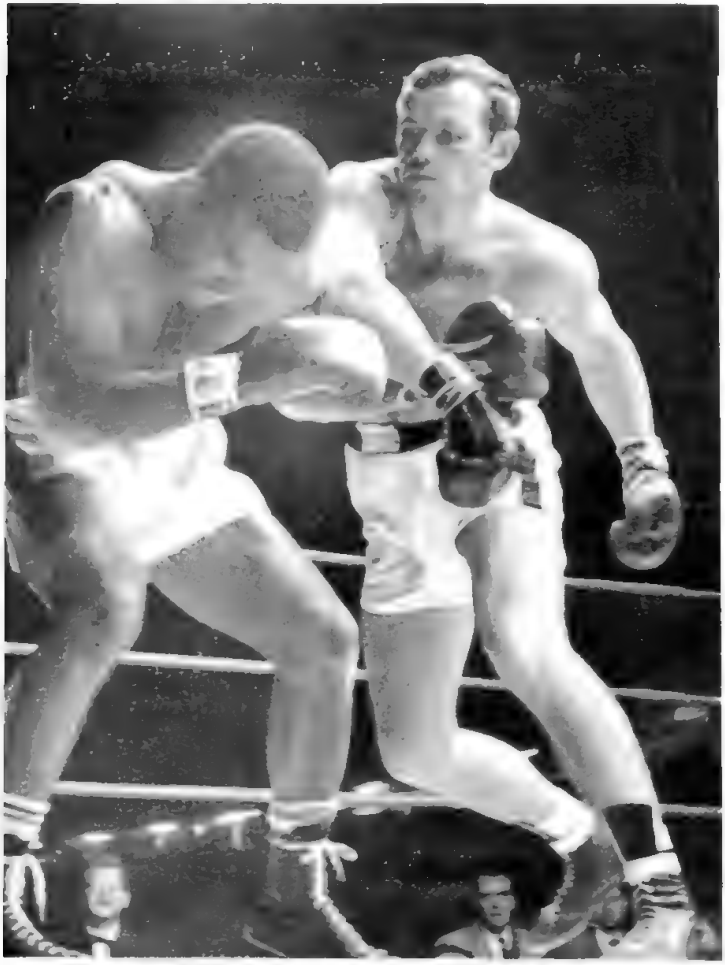
"I will not fight for the IBC," he said, meaning that he would advise Johansson not to fight for the IBC.

If Johansson never fights again his future is as solid as the Swedish royal family's. The Swedes are thought to be phlegmatic, but their admiration for Ingemar is restrained only on the surface. Before and since the night that Ingo went bingo before Eddie was ready, and in the presence of the young Crown Prince Carl Gustav at that, his business has prospered increasingly.

Whereas American prizefighters customarily invest in saloons, the Swedish Ingemar, noting that Gothenburg has a housing shortage, went into the earth-moving business. And, besides, Sweden has no saloons, though I did find a place where it is possible to play a little 10¢ roulette. Working class apartment houses of remarkable beauty and utility are springing up all around the city, and Ingemar is getting his share of this and other work.

His investment is high. He owns two

WORLD ATTENTION WAS EARNED BY A FIRST ROUND KNOCKOUT OF EDDIE MACHEN



JOHANSSON LOUNGES ON BEACH WITH FRIEND BIRGIT LUNDGREN. PRACTICAL INGO DOUBTS THAT FIGHTERS SHOULD MARRY

caterpillars at a cost of $60,000 and $20,000 each, four steam shovels—one at $80,000, two at $30,000 each and one little $15,000 number—and two trucks, one at $20,000 and the other at $15,000. In addition to his pretty secretary, he employs eight husky men to drive the equipment and puts in four or five hours a day at the office lining up new jobs. Allowing for minor items like office equipment and business machines, of which he seems to be fond, this adds up to business property worth more than a quarter of a million dollars.

"Naturally," he said, "I did not pay cash for these things. A man would be a fool to do that."

Then, in reasonably good English which he has learned from Hollywood movies and Swedish subtitles, he launched into an intricate explanation of Sweden's income-tax laws. It was too much for the simple mind of a boxing writer. The idea seems to be, though, that Ingemar has escaped high taxes by investing his prizefighting money in business and that such investments are wiped off the income-tax books at the rate of 20%, a year, so that in five years he will owe nothing to the tax people. Oh, that Joe Louis had been a Swede.

ARE FISHES RISKY?

It was suggested that, although a former street paver might reasonably graduate into the contracting business, it was farfetched to expect that he could find happiness as a commercial fisherman and that his proposed hundred-thousand-dollar fishing-boat purchase might be a risky venture. It turned out that this shrewd thought had crossed Ingo's mind long before. His knowledge of fishing is confined to fly-casting excursions to northern Sweden and Lapland for trout and salmon and to the fact that the Swedes eat an enormous lot of fish, else why would they produce all that smorgasbord?

"But," he said, "I have just been talking to the ship broker. It is not so good to buy a fishing boat alone. It is best to have a man on the boat who had a part in the boat. So I have a relation—how will you say it, he is married to my mother's sister"—who had his own boat and sold it. He will hold a 25% interest and so will want to catch fish. Five hundred thousand kronor is a lot of money in Sweden, but if you buy a fishing boat, after 20 years it is still there and a little bit more because of the way prices go up. So my boat will always be worth what I pay for it and I will sell fish."

Johansson loves fast cars and owns a creamy-skinned white Thunderbird, but he is about to dispose of this sweetheart for business reasons. He has made a deal with the manufacturers of the Swedish Volvo to endorse

continued

their product. Hereafter he will be seen only in a Volvo, which is not too bad a fate at that.

At present Ingemar lives in the suburbs in a very modest two-story house of seven rooms, which are so tiny they could probably be contained in the American five-room equivalent. It is the home of his father, a manual laborer for the city of Gothenburg, who is also, technically, Ingemar's manager, thus keeping the money in the family. His brother Rolf, a 22-year-old amateur middleweight who sometimes boxes exhibitions with Ingemar, lives there, too, as do his mother, older brother Henry and a sister. There is a baby grand piano in the living room for the special benefit of Ingemar's 5-year-old daughter, Jean, who lives nearby with her divorced mother.

The house, situated on a small plot with apple trees in the front yard, is furnished to Ingemar's taste with the profits of prizefighting. Living-room sofa and chairs are overstuffed velour in tones of burnt orange and red but the kitchen is a sparkling place, what an American would think of as Swedish modern, with white porcelain and blond woods everywhere. The kitchen also contains a loudspeaker connected to a transmitter in Ingemar's bedroom. It was a whim of Ingemar that he could thus call down from his bedroom whenever he felt like a snack. His mother has not responded to the idea, though it is clearly efficient.

"She does not think well of it," Ingemar said a little sadly. "She does not like the new ways."

On one wall of the living room there are five paintings, four small and one about three feet high. He bought them after one of the fights he has had in England. Aging brown varnish has obscured the large painting, but the others are bright seascapes and pastorals in oil, their predominant colors blue and yellow, very suggestive of the Swedish flag and of the bright skies and grain of Sweden which inspired the flag's colors. Johansson regards the paintings fondly. "I do not care for modern painting," he says. As a fly-fisherman and art critic he thinks of Picasso as he thinks of codfish.

On another wall there is a realistic wood carving of a Laplander's head, which Ingemar admires because, he said, "You can see from his lip that he uses snuff and that is why I bought it."

A friend of Ingemar insists that he has a taste for modern Swedish and Finnish poetry, but if you ask Ingemar to confirm this his response is the cold stare of a man who feels his private life is being invaded.

"When I was young," he admitted *finally*, "*I wrote poetry*. My father and mother liked it but it was no good." He shrugged.

Unless a fight is scheduled he does only light training to keep in shape. On an average day he will be up at 8 o'clock, which is just about sunrise now in this part of Sweden, and will run steadily for about an hour. Breakfast is a cup of coffee. He does not actually eat until one p.m., when he tackles a steak or some chops. He spends mornings and afternoons at his office "or outside with the machines, talking with the guys who run them if they are having some trouble." About 5 o'clock he goes to the gym for a brief workout, punching the light and heavy bags, skipping rope but doing no boxing. Then he may have dinner and take in a movie or go dancing with his girl friend, the pretty, chestnut-haired Birgit Lundgren, 22, who does not seem to mind at all her boy friend's views on the incompatibility of marriage and prizefighting.

He is building a new house, which should be ready in the spring, and it has been assumed that he would then marry Birgit, whom he refers to as his fiancée. But Ingemar says he has no definite plans about that.

"I do not believe boxers should marry," he said. "It is hard for a girl when her husband is away so much. She has to be very understanding. They want he should be home but I have many exhibitions, so she would be alone most of the year and that's no good."

The new house is American ranch style, quite a new thought for Sweden.

"The Swedes will have to get used to it," Ingemar said.

He has been too busy to improve his 36-handicap golf game, but he has found time to learn to fly and hopes someday to own a small plane, something to take him quickly to the good fishing spots of Scandinavia.

"Business has been good this year, and I have been active," he says. "Many big things they have to start this year, so I think it will be good, too."

Ingo has his future figured out pretty well. There is an adding machine on his bedroom dresser. It has a used look. **END**

AS CHILD, INGO (NEAREST TAIL) JOINED THREE FRIENDS ON HORSE. AS YOUTH WITH SIDEBURNS HE WORKED AS STREET PAVER

Photograph by Carroll Seghers II

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and the

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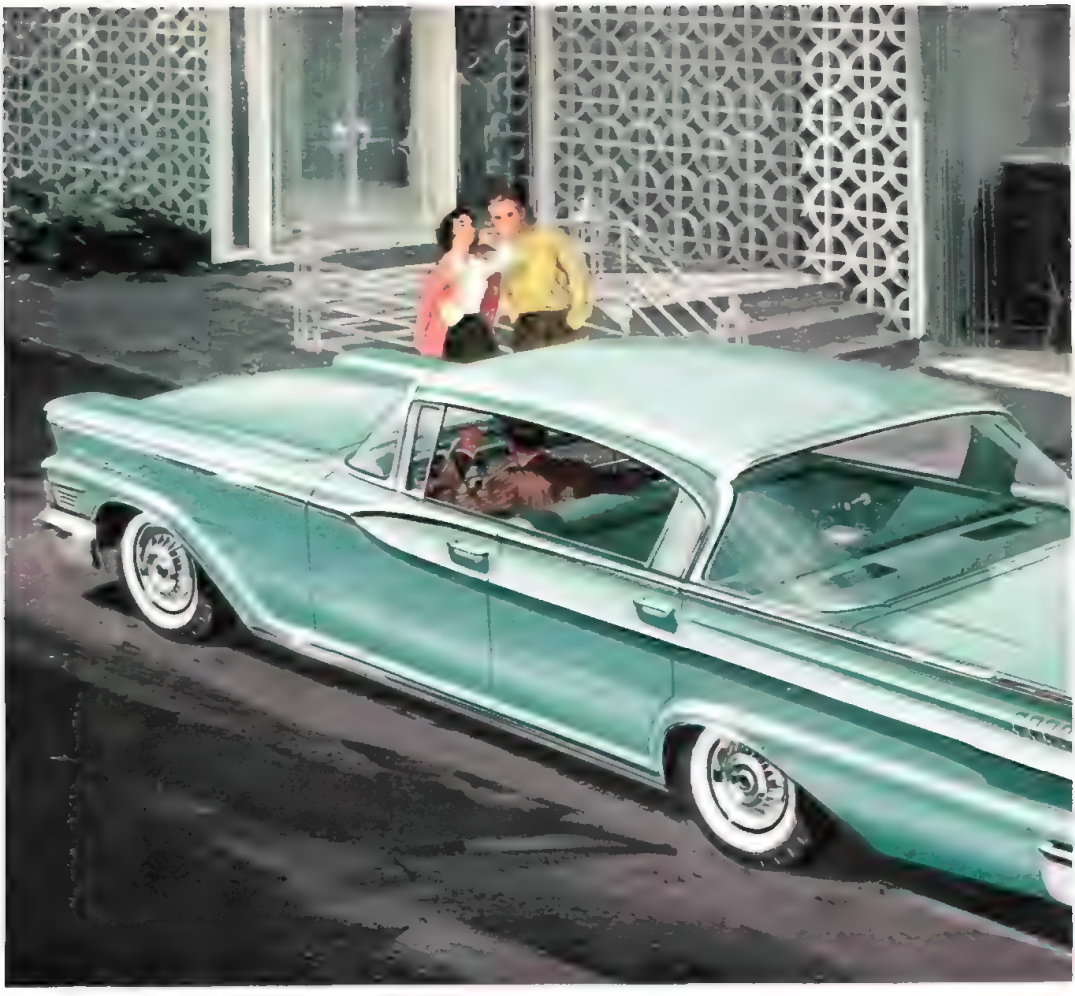

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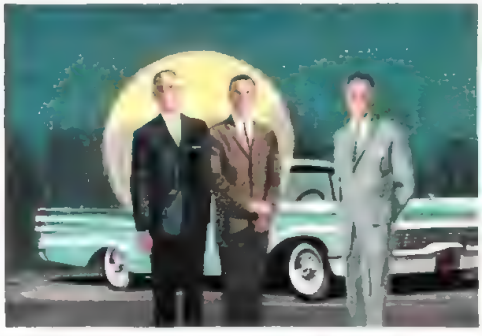

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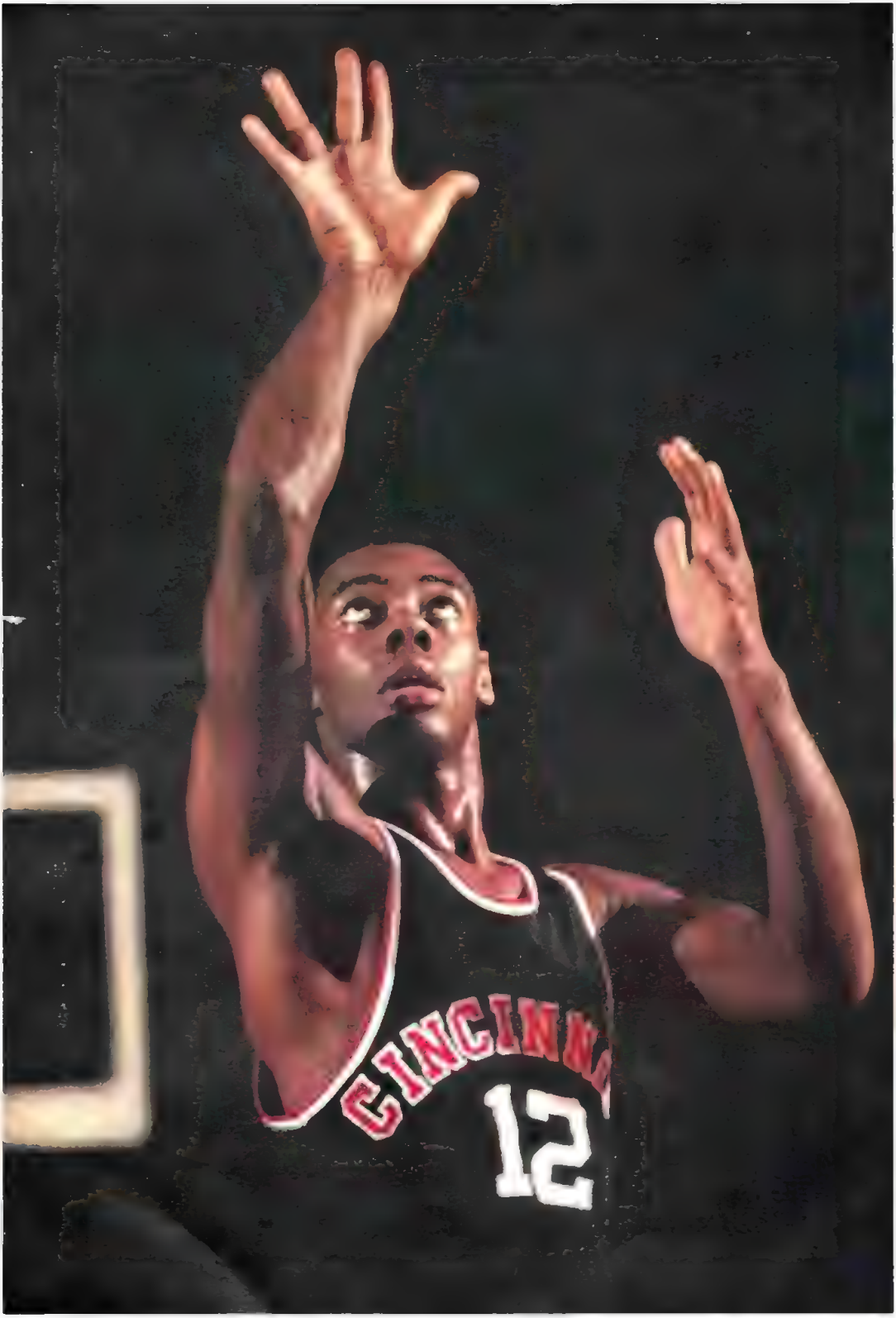
CINCINN
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WHAT PRICE GLORY FOR OSCAR?

At the summit of a fame he has achieved so early, Cincinnati's brilliant Oscar Robertson finds himself unable to relax and enjoy it

by JEREMIAH TAX

CINCINNATIANS raise their eyes with special pride and pleasure these days to the group of hills overlooking the city where sits their fine municipal university. For there, enthroned over city, campus and the national collegiate basketball scene, is the supple sienna-skinned young athlete on the opposite page. He is Oscar Robertson, easily the best all-round player in college today, though most appreciated for the single skill he here demonstrates—a scoring touch that is at once as delicate and precise as the thrust of a surgeon. It is the bright miracle of sport that the hearts of a whole city—occasionally, a nation—can be lifted and quickened by the accomplishments of such a gifted youngster in a simple game.

Robertson is 6 feet 4 1/2 inches tall and weighs 195 pounds. This is not an unusual pairing of physical factors, but in him they are so superbly blended and proportioned, and are driven by such a fission-fast nervous system, that he achieves the graceful, swift appearance of a large and lithe cat. In the flat, he appears to flow over the hardwood court, hunched protectively over the dribbled ball; in the air, he hangs, magically, for long moments while he decides whether to shoot or pass; in one spot, he is yet in motion, feinting with hands, faking with head, weaving on a pivot. These skills brought him unanimous All-America selection as a sophomore last season, after he had won the national scoring title with an average of 35.1 points per game and a total of 984, both records for a collegian in his first year of competition. Along the way, he also set new marks for NCAA tournament play, the Missouri Valley Conference, the state of Ohio and for Madison Square Garden, where he scored more points in one game than any player, amateur or professional, before him. Least noticed but probably most important of all is the fact that he led his own Cincinnati team not only in scoring but in rebounding and assists as well, a combination which reflects his incalculable value as a team player.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

INTENT ON FREE THROW which has just rolled off his fingertips, Robertson forgets his social and scholastic problems.

In the wake of these achievements, an unprecedented tidal wave of publicity has engulfed him: an endless stream of press, radio and television interviewers; magazine and newsreel cameramen; bids for personal appearances; award presentations; to say nothing of the pressing crowds who simply want to meet him, shake his hand and get his autograph. He has been serialized, eulogized, taped, televised, photographed, biographed and recorded. Not a day goes by without at least one interviewer trying to catch him in his one free hour between classes and team practice, or meeting him at an airport en route to a game, or phoning to request such a session. And the remarkable thing is that, in all the reams of copy, so little of Oscar Robertson has emerged other than his ability as an athlete.

One reason for this is Robertson himself. Normally diffident and noncommittal, he is often completely unresponsive. Local Cincinnati newsmen have long since resigned themselves, for example, to the typical Robertson comment after a game: "Well, we won; they lost." (It is worth noting that, because he is naturally warm and friendly and delivers such answers with an engaging smile and a shrug, his lack of responsiveness has not cost him any friends among the press.)

One Cincinnati reporter, Lee Allen of the *Enquirer*, took another tack, followed the trail back to Robertson's home in Indianapolis and from there to the family's origins in Tennessee. He discovered that Oscar's forebears had been slaves and that his great-grandfather, before his death at the age of 116, was considered the oldest living American. Another reporter, Milton Gross of the *New York Post*, won Robertson's confidence (and, eventually, his friendship) by taking him to meetings with Roy Campanella and Sugar Ray Robinson, and had Robertson tell him that he'd once been a tough little slum kid who had to be tossed off his high school junior varsity team before he learned to behave.

continued

ROBERTSON AND HIS MOTHER POSE WITH HIS TROPHIES IN INDIANAPOLIS HOME

In those two items lie the keys to Robertson's personality and his future actions. He is highly sensitive to the problems he faces daily as a Negro, and he is wholly dedicated to becoming a professional athlete and making a lot of money at it. As noted, these facts have been largely unexplored, likely because they lead relentlessly to the conclusion that Robertson is not happy at Cincinnati and wonders whether he soon will have any reason for staying there. A guest reporter on campus, well treated by Basketball Coach George Smith and Public Relations Man Tom Eicher, both hospitable men and devoted to their athletes, is reluctant to come away with a story which will cause distress to such hosts—indeed, to all of Robertson-worshiping Cincinnati. But the facts are inescapable.

In his Coke-bottle-cluttered dormitory room the other day, Robertson tried to explain this. As he spoke —haltingly, one careful word at a time—he tossed, bounced and fingered the basketball he always keeps in the room. It wasn't, he said, the mere fact that on certain trips with the team he was obliged to take segregated quarters, or that, "Hell, there's a café and a movie house just a few steps off campus where I'm not welcome," or the abuse he takes from spectators on certain road games. It was that and more, which he summed up as, "There's no real social life for me here. . . ."

Robertson does not believe that he'd be better off elsewhere, and he does not care to fix the blame. "I'm no crusader. . . . It's a crazy world, but I can't like it." He is the shining star of a team of basketball players, among whom he cannot forget he is not an equal, though he will not be quoted in the words with which he expresses his true feelings.

Would he be happier playing with the all-Negro Globetrotters? The answer is obvious. "Sure, I'd like to play with them. When they come to town I go down and sit on the bench, and when I come back afterward people say, 'Hey, we hear you've signed to play with the Trotters.' Well, it's not true. I haven't even talked to anyone about it. But they're a swell bunch, they get to travel all over the world, they put on a good show, have a good time together . . . and make money. Sure, they don't play real basketball. They're putting on a show and they know it. man, you can't be serious *all* the time—and they're enjoying themselves."

Watching Robertson's animated face as he says this, it is difficult to doubt that he will one day choose to do the same as Wilt Chamberlain did last year—leave school for a year of fun and companionship (even more than for Globetrotter cash) before joining the pro basketball league.

The likelihood is increased when it becomes clear that he has lost interest completely in his studies. "Statistics, theories of economics," he says, with a wave at the books on his desk. "I can't work at that stuff. It bores me." He was, it should be noted, an excellent student in high school, a fair student last year and is a poor student this year. The decline is the direct result of his growing and now firm conviction that his future spells out basketball, and nothing else.

Finally, it is abundantly clear, though he will not be quoted on this, either, that he has learned everything he can as a college player and has already achieved even more fame than he could have hoped for in order to enhance his value as a professional. This last, he will admit, was the real reason why he chose Cincinnati over the 75-odd schools that bid for him. Though many other reasons have been offered, Robertson says, "I did want a college close to home. But I also wanted to play with a team that played in New York and Philadelphia and some of those other big places in the East. That's where you get the prestige." And Cincinnati regularly plays such teams as NYU, Temple, Seton Hall, La Salle and St. Joseph's.

Robertson was, of course, right in suspecting that nationwide publicity would be his reward for a good performance in Madison Square Garden. On his first visit there, last year, he scored a record 56 points against Seton Hall. And though he was deliberately fed the ball by his teammates in the closing minutes of the game, he dazzled the assembled eastern and wire-service writers present with every shot and move in the book, and he's been in the heaviest headlines, coast to coast, ever since.

There is, Robertson apparently feels, no room further up for him in his present situation. There is only a way out.

If he takes it, much of the glory that is Cincinnati's today will turn to ashes. But it is ashes in Oscar Robertson's mouth already. **END**

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

West, by God, Virginia

WHILE Elgin Baylor, their best player, sat on the bench in his street clothes, the Minneapolis Lakers lost to the Cincinnati Royals 95-91 in Charleston, W.Va. last week.

A few weeks before, Baylor and two other Negro players had been denied rooms at a Charlotte, N.C. hotel where the Lakers had planned to stay. "You fellows can stay here," Baylor heard the room clerk tell a white teammate, "but the colored boys have to go somewhere else. This is a nice, high-class hotel."

"Bob Short [the Lakers' owner] assured me that this wouldn't happen again," Baylor says. "I told him that if it did, I just wouldn't play." In Charleston it did happen again, so Baylor sat the game out and he said he would do it again, even if it cost him an entire year's salary.

"I still can't figure out what Elgin's so excited about," Short claimed. "We had reservations at the hotel and there was a slip-up of some kind. We had no indication anything like this was going to happen. He should have played. I think it would have been better for him to show he could rise above the situation. If Elgin had played, we would have won. Look at the score."

We have, and we think Baylor played his finest game by sitting firmly on the bench. We think he won something there, and that rising above a situation is often just another way of avoiding it. It would have been easy for him to show Charleston that he is a superior basketball player. But it was a more important and difficult job to accept the responsibility of eminence and to show Charleston, and remind all of us, that he is an average American—proud, uncommon, high-class.

After Musical Jack

WHENEVER reporters asked Theodore Francis Atkinson, 42, if he could recall the name of the first winner he ever rode, a distant smile would cross his face and he'd say, "Yes, sir. No jockey alive ever forgets that first one. Mine was named Musical Jack. May 18, 1938. Beulah Park, Columbus, Ohio." The other afternoon, as he wiggled into a set of purple silks and popped a gold cap on his head, Ted Atkinson had very little idea that he was about to ride his last one. Vet's Boy. January 10, 1959. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Florida.

He left the jockeys' room and went to the tiny paddock, slapping his whip against his right leg as he walked. Statistically, Ted Atkinson was going

continued

"Forced to sell... available for the first time."

to join a post parade for the 23,660th time. The start was no different from any other. He ran his left hand up along the back of his head to make sure his cap was on firmly and pulled his riding goggles down over his eyes. The field of nine broke, and he rated his mount third, three lengths off the leader. At the head of the stretch he was second and by the middle of it he was leading. But Vet's Boy was tiring badly. To his right Atkinson could see a horse striking at his lead, pulling right alongside. He whipped furiously and the two horses went under the wire together. Ted Atkinson and Vet's Boy were the winners —by a nose.

Statistically, it was winner number 3,795 for a fellow who had once been a laborer in the casserole division of the Corning (N.Y.) Glass works. He went out for one more race and finished eighth, but when he reached up to get his saddle and cloth he felt an immense pain in his sacroiliac. As he said later, he "betrayed the pain [concealed it from the fans] by the way in which I walked." Later he made a statement: "The people in racing, the owners, trainers and bettors, deserve nothing but the best. . . . It's no use going on feeling like I do. . . . There's no sense riding downhill to nowhere."

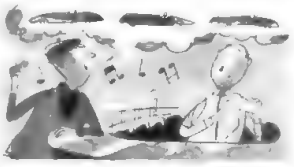
Ted Atkinson has gained much respect around the race tracks because he rode horses like Tom Fool, Capot, One Hitter and Hall of Fame, and because he won over $17 million in purses. But what made him entirely different from every other jockey was a gay erudition which he exposed only when he thought racing needed it. A few years ago, for instance, Rex Ellsworth, owner of Swaps, called his horse "nothing but a dumb animal." Atkinson, not too much later, was approached in the paddock at Belmont and asked for comment. "I never rode Swaps," he said, "but I'm sure he's a little bit more intelligent than his owner gives him credit for being. Mr. Ellsworth thinks horses are dumb. Perhaps I'm inclined to be a bit sentimental, but I don't agree. True, I don't suppose that Swaps can build a Univac, but I don't imagine that Mr. Ellsworth can either."

When he announced his retirement the other day Atkinson said, "It isn't easy to say goodby to what has been my life for more than two decades. After all, I've lived out of a trunk for 21 years. I do hope there is still a place for me in racing."

Speaking for an awful lot of people, Theodore, just name the one you'd like.

Song of the Open Road

TO THE harmless pastime of devising new words for old songs, no one brings more skill or less logic than the characters in the comic strip *Pogo*. A day or so before Christmas they were gathered around what may have been a Yule log but was probably just



a swamp log, joyfully redoing the Christmas carols to the accompaniment of a concertina, a mandolin and a bass drum:

Deck us all with Boston Charlie,
Walla Walla, Wash., an'
Kalamazoo!

And thus they may have offered inspiration to a man on a bar stool in Los Angeles, who was observed there just the other evening, muttering and humming as he made notes on a small piece of paper. Finally he straightened up, cleared his throat and, reading from his scrap of paper, began to sing. The tune was *Adeste Fideles*, but the words went like this:

Porsche Volkswagen
Jaguar Sunbeam Talbot
Ferrari, Ferrari, Triumph MG!

Alfa-Romeo, Frazer-Nash
Lambretta,

O Ghia Aston Martin,
O Peugeot Aston Martin,
O Daimler Aston Martin,
Mercedes Benz!

If you'll sing it out heartily, pronouncing all the words right, you'll find that the new lyrics fit the old tune perfectly and make an excellent drinking song, especially useful for

They Said It

THE BOLSHEVIKS, *who arrived at the Harvard-Russia hockey match attired in black coats, black toppers and black beards to cheer the Russians wildly (and later admit through their beards to being Boston University students): "We weren't so much rooting for the Russians as we were rooting against Harvard."*

PERRY JONES, *re-elected Davis Cup captain, flexing a bit of major-tennis power muscle for the cause of open tennis: "The International Lawn Tennis Federation flatly rejected such a proposal last year, but if the U.S. and Australia could agree on a position, the federation could change its mind."*

PAULINE L. DAVIS, *Assemblywoman in California, on becoming the first lady chairman of the Committee on Fish and Game: "Many women hunt and fish and, besides, all of the men first have to get permission from their wives."*

NED IRISH, *president of the New York Knickerbockers, eying the roughhouse on courts: "The surest way to kill the pro game of basketball is to tolerate the kind of rough, overly aggressive type of game they are playing today."*

FATHER PEDRO SCHAFFNER, *of the Franciscan monastery in Anápolis, Brazil, in a letter to the Armed Forces Radio Service: "Last night because of the Giant-Colt playoff our evening Mass did not begin exactly at the scheduled hour, and that is something that never happened before."*

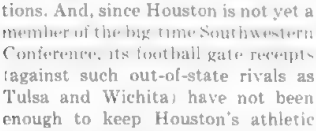
that time of evening when the spirit matters more than the sense.

We have no proof that the composer got his inspiration from *Pogo*. But it is nice to think that he did, and that it took him from Christmas Eve to the second week of January—or somewhat more than 10 nights in a barroom—to make his words come out right.

Have Team, Will Matriculate

IN HIS first year at the University of Houston, Swimming Coach Phil Hansel, having nothing much to work with, scored a season's meet record of only one win against five defeats. This year, having spent the summer collecting a squad of high school and junior college All-Americas, including pretty Carin Cone (SI, Dec. 22, holder with Britain's Judy Grinham of the Olympic 100-meter backstroke record, Coach Hansel hoped for better things. But the fates, or maybe just simple economics, were against him.

The university to which Hansel brought all this aquatic wealth just couldn't afford it. Thanks largely to the generosity (some $25 million in various gifts) of the late oil millionaire H. R. Cullen, the once minor University of Houston has grown too big for its boots, or rather its swimming pool. Boasting an enrollment grown from 8,692 a decade ago to 13,700 today, Houston is now second in size in the state to the University of Texas (17,000). But the costs of



mass higher education keep increasing faster than income or new donations. And, since Houston is not yet a member of the big time Southwestern Conference, its football gate receipts (against such out-of-state rivals as Tulsa and Wichita) have not been enough to keep Houston's athletic budget out of the red.

Swimming Coach Hansel and the 15 tank stars his hopes were pinned on found themselves caught in the very first shift of the academic belt buckle, along with the track, tennis and golf teams. "It's unfortunate," said Hansel, "that the football coach has to be shackled with the rest of us, that we have to live off him so to speak, but that's the way it is, here and everywhere."

Meanwhile, what to do about 15 fine swimmers with no prospects of swimming? "Some of the boys," says Hansel, "have had individual offers from other colleges, but the boys think they should stick together and so do I. If I stay in Houston the girls will stay with me; there are few girls' college swimming teams, but if I go the girls will go with me." In the face of this unanimity Hansel is now desperately seeking some college which will take on himself and his entire team of boys and girls alike before the start of the new semester in February. "The swimmers," he says by way of sales talk, "would like to stay together, and all the kids believe we have the makings of a terrific team. Even colleges not interested in five girl swimmers as such might be interested in five girls who are nationally prominent and would bring attention and credit to any institution."

Time's awasting, athletic directors of America! Fill out the coupon now and get yourself a swimming team. If you don't, says the handsome and eager young mentor who was just last month elected president of the American Swimming Coaches' Association, "All that's left is to drown the swimming coach in effigy."

Have Stadium, Will Name It

SOME 500 miles northwest of the University of Houston, with its straitened athletic budget (see above), sits little West Texas State College (enrollment: 2,145) near Amarillo. WTSC has undertaken the construction of a $700,000 football stadium to replace the rickety wooden benches on the scruffed-up lawn

continued

"Never mind how we got up here. Just get us down."

of its campus. And no just-another stadium either, mind you. When completed this fall, it will have streamlined room for 20,000 patrons (later expandable for 30,000 more), 5,000 cars and any big-time team caring to drop by. To stimulate the trade of stay-at-home types, many of the seats will be fitted with chair backs and electrical outlets. The outlets, says the college, should accommodate all those who wish to keep warm, make hot chocolate, shave or follow their favorite Western on television.

For whom will they name this splendid facility? For a contribution of $50,000, says Athletic Director Frank Kimbrough, they might very well name it for you.

Next Time

UNTIL we broke it, the world's record for staying aloft in a manned balloon was 84 hours," said Arnold Eiloart the other day. "But we, in the *Small World*, remained in the air for $94\frac{1}{2}$ hours and traveled 1,200 miles across the Atlantic." After that, of course, the *Small World* was forced down at sea. But its gondola, which was oddly boat-shaped, wallowed on across the Atlantic with the help of a simple sail and a rudder, and brought its adventurous crew of four to safety and fame in Barbados. (The four: Arnold Eiloart and his son Tim; Colin Mudie and his wife Rosemary.)

The strangest comment on this remarkable achievement comes from the *Small World* crew themselves. "After all," they agreed modestly, surrounded by admirers in New York's Victoria Hotel, "we *did* fail."

For their aim was not just to come through the adventure alive; it was to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. To do so they needed, on their first attempt, to stay in the air more than twice as long as any balloonists had ever stayed up before. The odd thing is, they thought they could do it; and now, having failed, they are convinced that it can be done.

The great problem of balloonists, like that of oldtime motorists, is running out of gas. If a rising air current takes you high enough, you must allow some gas to escape from your balloon. If you don't, the expanding gas will burst its bag, and you, the balloonist, will become merely a falling object. After encountering a certain number of upcurrents and losing some gas in each of them, a balloon can no longer remain airborne.

But Eiloart and his crew had a plan: when atmospheric conditions caused the *Small World* to rise, they would drop a line over the side of the gondola and haul water up from the sea in a canvas bag. The added weight of the water would make the balloon less buoyant and keep it from rising to a dangerous height. Thus the *Small World* would add and lose water across the Atlantic and keep its loss of gas to a bare minimum.

In practice, however, there were problems. The water bag sometimes tossed about on the waves and refused to fill. If the balloon hit a really good updraft the ocean dropped away from beneath it with dismaying speed, so that the distance for hauling up water increased rapidly as the need for acquiring it grew more urgent. The lifting device was a pulley operated by four sets of bicycle pedals, but if the line tangled as it dropped a thousand feet to the sea — and it often did—no amount of pedaling would draw it in. By the time the citizens of the *Small World* had solved all these problems they had sacrificed a good deal of gas to inexperience, and when a really terrifying thunderstorm threatened to carry them up to 20,000 feet, they were forced to sacrifice even more and come down on the sea.

"Another time," says Mudie, "we would be better prepared for a storm, and able to cope with it. For 36 hours before we were forced down our water lift had worked perfectly and we had lost no gas at all."

Will there be a next time? "We have decided to think about it seriously," says Mudie. And that answer, coming from adventurers such as these, can be roughly translated as "Yes."

Cold Comfort

He golfs on coldest days, I've heard,
Alone, with his dog Rover.
For now that water hole, the third,
Thank God, is frozen over!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Sabbatical at Wedgeport

SKIES should be blue and the winds fresh at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia next September. Offshore the long seas will be running, while back on the beach Wedgeport's easy hospitality and rustic camaraderie will be furnished to visiting fishermen as usual. There may even be bluefin in plenty out in the Atlantic. But there will be no Wedgeport Tuna Tournament.

For the first time since the war Wedgeport's international competition for the Sharp Cup will take a sabbatical. Since 1949 tuna have become fewer and fewer at Wedgeport, and rodmen from Europe, South Africa, South America and the U.S. have had increasingly disappointing catches or none at all. One proposal before the directors of the international tournament meeting in New York the other day was to move the match to a new site (SI, Oct. 13); another was to continue the tournament, fish or no fish. From Boston came the advice of Alton B. Sharp, donor of the tournament cup: "You can't move the atmosphere and tradition of Wedgeport. It would be like leaving a house you love." Asked S. Kip Farrington Jr., founder of the competition: "Where else can you find 30 boats of uniform size manned by crews of equal ability? Only in Wedgeport. It's there or nowhere."

For 1959, the directors decided, it'll be nowhere. So there the matter stands. The Sharp Cup is in custody of the Nova Scotia government, the competition is recessed, and where, oh where is the bluefin?

A NEW LEASE ON FITNESS

FIT SET FROM COOLIDGE HIGH SCHOOL IN WASHINGTON DISPLAY NEW BADGES

THE YOUNGSTERS shown above are ground-floor members in the first constructive nationwide program for fitness of American youth since President Eisenhower became concerned about the problem in 1955. The new action program, which could and should sweep the country, is entitled, with just a bit of proper flourish, Operation Fitness—U.S.A. An ambitious five-year plan which gets under way this week, it is backed by the largest and most expert fitness group in the country: the American Association for Health, Physicial Education and Recreation. The AAHPER consists chiefly of some 25,000 teachers and directors in public, private and parochial schools in the U.S. Members are in a position to reach virtually every child and parent in the U.S. Armed with a new program and a realistic plan to raise money from foundations and public-spirited business groups, the nation's physical education teachers could well be the folks to save Ike's fitness program from being talked to death.

One part of their program is a new national fitness test for young people 10 to 17, already tested under AAHPER auspices by some 8,500 youngsters (SI, May 26). The Washington, D.C. kids shown here wear accomplishment insignia which Operation Fitness will award, from here out, to participants everywhere. Standards have been devised from data on the first 8,500 so that every youngster will be able to measure himself against national norms and keep a record of his own progress.

This is no effort to make all children conform to one national standard. There is plenty of room for individual differences, and the accent is on self-improvement, on competing against one's own last best score. Some of the standards by sex and age: a 10-year-old girl who can do 27 sit-ups scores 70% (by the time she is 17 she need do only 23 to make the same score); a 13-year-old boy who can run the 50-yard dash in seven seconds scores 85%. Other standards are based on a combination of sex, age, height and weight. Tests and insignia are available through the AAHPER at 1201 16th Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

The tests are just one phase of Operation Fitness, which will reach every community through schools and city recreation departments. Other projects include plans for a nationwide chain of sports clinics, festivals and demonstrations; movies on fitness to be shown in schools and before community groups; recognition for good existing programs.

Both the President's Council on Fitness and the Citizens Advisory Committee have given Operation Fitness their endorsement. It should also be supported by Americans in general who are anxious to do something about the unfitness they've been hearing so much about. END

LEGGY TRIUMPHS OF THE WEEK

From Berlin to Boston, from Tampa to Miami, the picture evidence came in last week of new earth-spurning deeds, new records, figures and rear-guard insignia

PATRIOTIC PANTIES emblazoned with flag of Confederacy are displayed by Louise Lee Kunmen, Clearwater, Fla., who won Tampa's Dixie International tournament.

PERILOUS PRANCE performed by Inge Bracht, Berlin Sports Palace, where Teri cannot her German figure skating title. Inga aims to challenge Carol Heiss for the World Championship next month.

OCTOPUS, shown here with Jockey Kenny Church, salvaged a thoroughly wretched week for his owner, James D. Norris, by winning the $25,675 Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah. Earlier, Norris' other pet octopus, the International Boxing Club, came to a deserved end as a result of a Supreme Court decision. Norris was not in Florida to see his bay colt win the six-furlong race. Mrs. Norris said that Jim "had to go up to New York on business." The "business," undoubtedly: redesigning the old IBC in the nature

Although Octopus won by a handy two lengths, he appears to qualify as a sprinter only. At longer distances in the brand-new eastern 3-year-old season, track observers expect he would show a tendency toward firing tentacles.

PLUMMETING, mouth agape, [illegible] in the gym mats at Boston K[illegible] of C[illegible] [illegible] Ed Thomas, a sophomore Boston University freshman, who last week set a world's indoor record of 6 feet $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches in the high jump, which is seven inches higher than Thomas. It was the second week in a row that Thomas, 17, had bettered [illegible] old record, and the second time he did it under inauspicious circumstances. At the Dartmouth cage, where he jumped 6 feet 11, he burned himself backing into a steampipe; at Boston Garden he made his remarkable jump during the eighth lap of the featured mile run.

THE FIX FAILS AT CUSTER

SCANDAL was narrowly averted last week—almost every night last week in fact—when the full truth about Ray Blent, star basketballer at Custer College, emerged at last. The academic and sporting worlds seemed due for an ugly shock when Ray, a straight A student badly in need of cash, flunked into ineligibility on the eve of the game with Ashmore. Gamblers' money was at the root of it, said the D.A.—though Custer students were more inclined to blame a stiff-necked ethics professor.

Thanks, however, to the fine school spirit of playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, Custer won anyway at the final curtain of the latest Lindsay-Crouse play, a dandy piece of fun called *Tall Story* now making ready for Broadway.

Photographs by Richard Meek

SHOCKED at being alone "in our bare legs" with his cheerleader girl friend in the coach's office, young Blent (Robert Elston) tries to lose himself in wall.

HOT MONEY thrust into his overcoat pocket by persons unknown sets Ray to pondering.

HIS OWN ETHICS PLEASANTLY MUDDLED BY MARTINIS, THE ETHICS PROFESSOR SIMPERS AMIABLY AT YOUNG LOVE IN FLOWER

INTRANSIGENT AND INCORRUPTIBLE [illegible] in handcuffs before president [illegible] and [illegible] professor Mark Cantrell

BOY AND GIRL [illegible] dream to gether of future bliss in a [illegible]

THE HEAD MASTER OF FOOTBALL RETIRES

A visit with a man going over his mail last week and thinking back on 25 years as a head coach with 166 victories and some defeats

A FAVORITE OF COACH EARL BLAIK'S: HIS PORTRAIT BY SI'S ROBERT RIGER

EARL BLAIK'S office on the fourth floor of the gymnasium at West Point contrasts sharply with the gray paint and gray stone of the rest of the building. A bright burnt-orange carpet covers the floor, the paneled walls are black walnut, the lighting is indirect. Blaik's small mahogany desk stands at one end of the room. On the wall to his right is a West Point coat of arms in bronze. On the wall behind him is the only picture in the room—a wartime portrait of General Douglas MacArthur. To an increasing degree Blaik resembles in appearance and manner this man whom he most admires.

In this office one afternoon late last week Blaik sat reading his mail; three tall stacks of it, as befits the traffic coming to a man who has just announced his resignation as head coach after 25 years. In those years Red Blaik's teams have won 166 games while losing only 48. Long green lines of Dartmouth players as well as long gray lines of cadets have passed with success under his molding hands, and Blaik himself has succeeded to that eminence in his profession, never satisfactorily titled, which makes him, in fact, the Head Master of college coaches. The mail of course reflected this. Blaik turned away from it and crossed the room to greet his visitor. They talked for a while about his days as a cadet football player.

"I had the lowest stance of any end in those days," Blaik said. "The tackles used to stand up almost straight, and some of them wrapped black tape around their fists. As soon as the ball was snapped, the tackle would take a swipe at the end." Demonstrating the play, Blaik rose and acted out the motions; first of the tackle, then of the end. "So an end got down real deep, and his first movement was to duck that swing. Then you rushed in." Seated again, Blaik continued. "People today can't conceive how rough the game used to be." He smiled in recall.

Blaik was the first cadet to face Navy in three major sports—football, basketball and baseball. In 1919 Walter Camp named him to the third-string All-America, and on graduation day he was awarded the West Point saber as the outstanding athlete of the Class of '20.

"It was through being an athlete that I got to know General MacArthur. The general was superintendent here and only 39. He had a dignified—some people have called it aloof—air about him, but from the standpoint of cadets he was extremely approachable. His influence was beyond calculation. I've always thought he was the savior of the academy. He stepped up classes and raised standards and supplied the leadership that was needed."

What is the role of football in a university? "If the school and the coach start out from the correct premise, there will never be any question about football's place. Football is incidental to education. It's secondary.

"What worries me about the attempts to de-emphasize football is the way it's done. You can't tell the youngsters, 'Now this game isn't as important as you have been led to believe, and winning isn't everything, you know.' When you do that, you strip football of its essential ingredients—the importance of the game and the will to win. Now it's true that 50 minutes or 50 months after a game is over, it may no longer seem very important. But for those minutes on the field, the youngsters must feel that the game is the most important thing in the world and that their job is to win it."

The key to successful coaching? "Always know what each player can give and demand the very best of him. Now there are ways to demand, right ways and wrong ways, but whenever you tolerate mistakes, you are inviting more. It was very difficult when my son Bob was the quarterback. In everyone's mind he had to be clearly the best choice, and in my own mind he had to do even less wrong than all the others."

It was when his son was quarterback that Blaik's most trying time at West Point came. Most of his varsity squad, including Bob Blaik, were expelled in 1951 for cribbing or for failing to report cribbing, known to them, by others.

Blaik thought of resigning and consulted Douglas MacArthur. The general told him, "Don't quit under fire." Blaik didn't. Last week he explained: "I decided that no good would come of it to West Point if I left and that in the long run I might hurt the youngsters. There was never any doubt, you know, at the time, that I believed in them, and I have never changed my mind." Among the few mementos Blaik keeps are pictures of each expelled player.

And now he was returning as coach and athletic director at West Point, effective on his 67th birthday, February 15. There is no single reason: neither health nor differences of opinion with West Point authorities over the rugged schedules and the restrictions on football material available to him, though Blaik may well wonder how the academy will fare in the 1960s if Army falls in with plans now being adumbrated for a "national" football conference of college powers East and West.

"Should it be so inconceivable that a man my age would finally want to leave? Now if we had had a losing season, then I would stay. It would be against my nature to pull out. But as it is, sports at the academy are in the best shape they have been in for years. I just felt it was time to leave."

His thoughts on going away from West Point? "First of all, I shall miss the cadets. You don't leave a place like this without a certain amount of heartache." Then, a lively enthusiasm coming into his voice: "Also I shall miss the fascination of devising the strategy and tactics of the game. There is no game I know that has patterns in it to the degree football does. To see those patterns that represent your thinking unfold successfully on the field gives you a tremendous feeling of accomplishment. You are happy and you feel like patting yourself on the back."

Blaik left the chair by the window, went to his desk, picked up a two-page letter from the center pile. Covering the message part, he showed the letter from Washington—not on official White House stationery, but on the rare, unofficial kind embossed simply: DDE. "I was glad to get one from him," he said. "It isn't just a you-were-a-fine-fellow sort of letter. No, sir. This man played football and coached it, too. He understands how I feel now."

—David B. Tinnin

WEST POINT END BLAIK (CLASS OF '20) LEARNED TO DUCK THE TACKLER'S TAPED FIST

COACH BLAIK (WITH 47 STARS BLANCHARD, DAVIS) WILL MISS DEVISING THE TACTICS

SMOOTH

CATAMARAN LAYOUT shows the fore-and-aft passageway in each hull, bunk space in wing.

MERCURY CATAMARAN

Perhaps the most exciting and significant of the new designs is the Mercury catamaran, conceived by Carl Kiekhaefer, head of the company that makes Mercury outboard motors. "For years we've been testing boats and offering our ideas to the builders," said Kiekhaefer, whose company maintains a permanent testing ground in Sarasota, Fla., where any boatbuilder can have his new models wrung out by Mercury's test drivers. The more he saw conventional hulls pounding along past his testing area, the more certain Kiekhaefer became that catamarans might be the answer. And when a group of catamaran runabouts (*see page 35*) virtually swept the rugged Mississippi marathon, Kiekhaefer was convinced. He went to a catamaran expert named Warren Gale, who has built some 3,000 cats in the past nine years, and outlined his ideas for a family-size outboard cat with comfortable cruising accommodations and a sporty, open steering cockpit up forward. Gale and his engineers went to work and developed the finished product. The cat is 26 feet 8 inches long and has a generous 9-foot beam. Her main feature, of course, is the twin-hull design, which presents sharp, narrow forward sections that can slice through the swells rather than banging into them like the broad underside of a conventional hull planing at high speed. Rushed to completion for its debut at the New York show, the cat has not yet been given any serious testing under rough water conditions, but both Gale and Kiekhaefer are confident she will give a smooth ride even at her designed top speed of 30 mph.

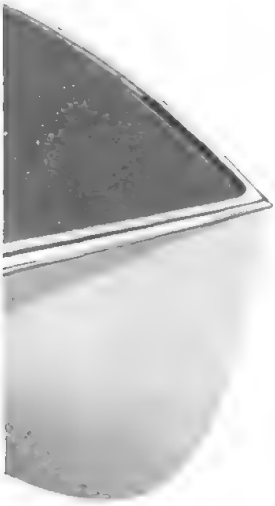
RIDE FOR ROUGH SEAS

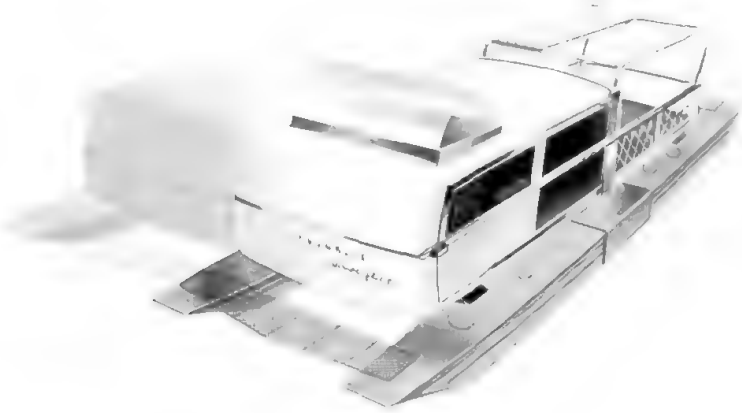
Big news on the boat-show circuit this year are these radical new hulls designed to cut cleanly through choppy water at high speeds

by EZRA BOWEN

Illustrations by A. Barral

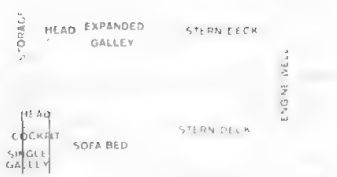
FOR YEARS the joy of fast riding in high powered motorboats has been tempered by one sad, inescapable truth—when a motorboat goes upwind in rough water it pounds. Sometimes it pounds hard enough to crack the frames, but always it pounds hard enough to make the driver wish somebody would design a better boat—and somebody is always trying. Until now, no one had succeeded. But in the last fortnight, at boat shows from Los Angeles to New York, it seemed a few designers may have solved the problem of making a sensible craft that will give a soft ride to windward. As the drawings on these pages show, they have tried everything from double and triple hulls to radical V-shaped after sections. Unusual and advanced, the ideas seem nonetheless to be sound and, if they hold up under the ultimate strain of heavy seas, the motorboat industry will have taken a giant step forward from just plain speed and thrills to speed, safety and comfort.





EVINRUDE HOUSEBOAT

In the past four years no one has caused more commotion at the New York boat show than Brooks Stevens, design consultant to Evinrude. In 1956 he came out with a streamlined runabout called the Lark that kicked off the trend to auto styling in boats (SI, June 17, 1957). In 1957 he produced a completely round fishing boat. Last year he designed a seating station wagon; and now, for the 1959 show, he has dreamed up a ladies' and catamaran houseboat called the Housefloat, which can become a trimaran or a quadrimaran simply by attaching extra hulls. The basic catamaran unit is 28 feet long, 9 feet wide, with enclosed cabin (*see diagram*) and [illegible]. A [illegible] Stevens creation, the design of the Housefloat contains some hard kernels of practicality. By substituting a pair of pontoons for the usual rectangular houseboat hull, Stevens has made a tremendous saving in weight. Furthermore, he has done away with the blunt, wave-slapping, wind resistant bow that makes most other houseboats sluggish, dreary, wasteful and almost impossible to keep dry in choppy water. Like Mercury's catamaran, the Housefloat is conceived as a show-stopper rather than a production boat for the retail market; but there may well be enough interest in both designs to tempt forward looking boatbuilders into production.



HOUSEBOAT ACCOMMODATIONS can be increased by adding pontoons, hull sections to basic unit.

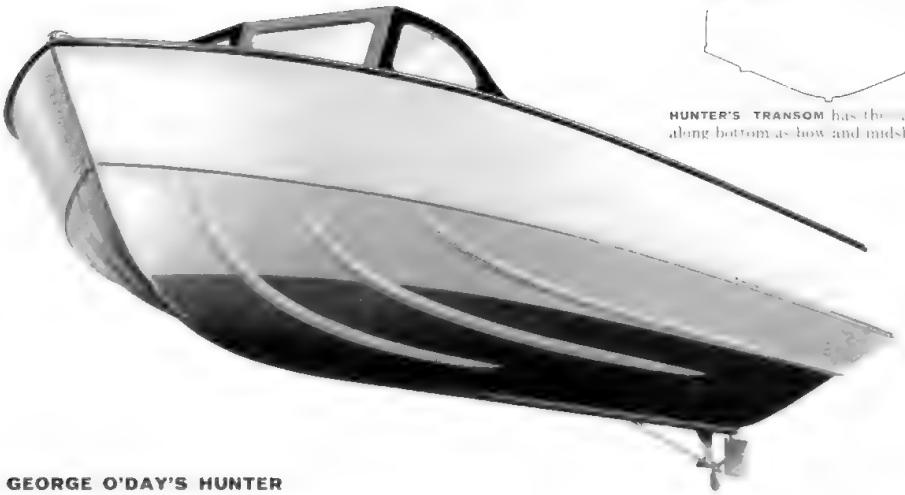
TURN PAGE FOR MORE NEW MOTORBOAT DESIGNS

RIGGED FOR FISHING, with tuna tower, outriggers, fighting chair, flying bridge controls and fish door in the transom, Doodle III costs $40,000, or $5,000 more than the base price of $35,000 for the bare boat.

DOODLE'S TRANSOM shows bottom flattens toward stern but retains basic curve.

ENTERPRISE MARINE'S DOODLE III

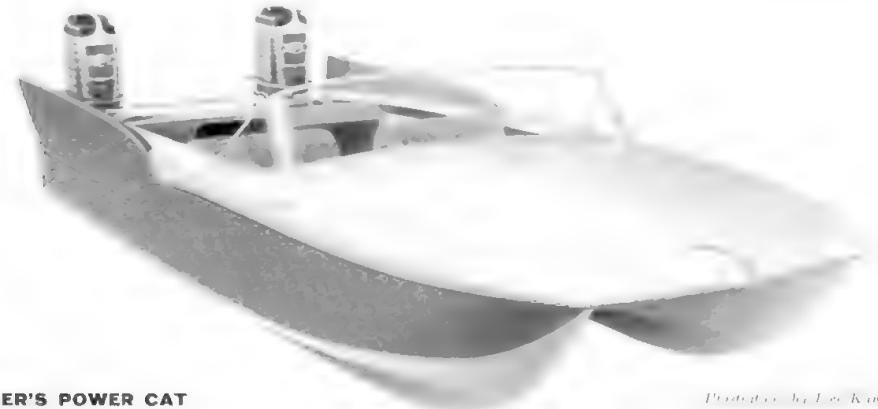
Probably the toughest formal test for any big powerboat is the 184-mile Miami-Nassau race, which starts across the narrow, nasty stretch of Gulf Stream between Florida and the Western Bahamas. Last year Doodle III won the race over 15 competitors. Since then, she has made a 52-mile run from Miami to Bimini in one hour 30 minutes and has gone from Miami to Havana at an average speed of 35 mph. It is unlikely that any conventional design could take that kind of pounding. And Doodle III, despite her conventional appearance, is indeed an unusual design. Her hull is mahogany planking laid over a bought-about [illegible] plywood. The bottom is shaped so that every curve is a section of a cone, a concept which allows the outer planking to bend and twist with a minimum of stress since the planks run down the straight side of the cone. Moreover, the outward curve of the cone sections helps give Doodle III a relatively soft ride against a head sea; and the gradual flattening of the curves from the entrance all to the transom (*see diagram*) lifts her onto a smooth plane as she gains speed.



HUNTER'S TRANSOM has the same deep V along bottom as bow and midship sections.

GEORGE O'DAY'S HUNTER

Ray Hunt is a Marblehead man who will try anything that may make a boat move more effectively through the water. Primarily, he is a sailboat designer (SI, June 23) the Concordia yawls, *Harrier*, *Easterner*, the 110, 210, etc. Now he has branched out into powerboats, drawing up a 22-foot 8-inch utility inboard called Hunter for George O'Day Associates. The most obvious innovation in Hunter is her V bottomed after sections, which reduce pounding to a minimum when the bow is up out of the water in a speed run. To help get her up onto a plane, she has three spray strips running fore and aft that give the hull an extra lift and at the same time help throw spray downward and away from the cockpit. And, finally, she has a centerboard, almost unheard of in powerboats (and not shown here, since Hunt regards its shape as one of his most important secrets). The centerboard, operated by a handle in the cockpit, performs the dual service of holding her on course at low speeds in a headwind or a crosswind and of steadying her on fast runs downwind with a following or a quartering sea.



ROY LEGER'S POWER CAT

Photograph by Lee Kanz

When the Mississippi River Marathon started at New Orleans last year, there were 40 entries. Seven of these were Power Cats built by Roy Leger of Paramount, Calif. When the race ended at St. Louis, after 1,068 miles of rugged running on the river, there were 12 finishers. Six of these were Power Cats, and they came in second (only 10 minutes behind the winner), third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and 12th. The marathon was the climax of a five-year campaign for Leger, a devoted fisherman whose wife wouldn't go fishing because the boats rolled too much in the Catalina Channel. Rather than spend his leisure time ashore, Leger tried to design an easy-riding boat that rolled very little. He finally did it with the Power Cat, the 16-foot model of which is shown here, and the design was so successful that since he went into production three years ago he has sold over 500 Power Cats in models from 12 to 20 feet. Better than that, he has got Mrs. Leger out on the water. "Now she even races," he said proudly last week. "Races, mind you, in 16-foot Power Cats all the way out to Catalina."

The most likely to succeed

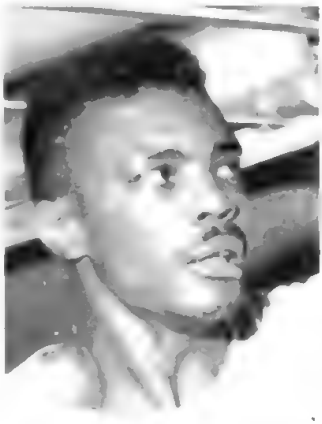
A gallery of young, unranked prizefighters who are the hopes of manager and fan alike in a time of 'chassis'

I STAND before you divested and dissolved," said Harry Markson, managing director of the International Boxing Club. "I have been married for 28 years and my wife still loves me, so I am not yet divorced." So, folding its tentacles, the IBC exited laughing last week and, as Sean O'Casey once wrote, "th' whole worl's in a terrible state o' chassis!" Just the other day, for instance, a fight manager, name of Al Braverman, was saying: "The fight game's dead and they forgot to bury it. The managers had better get frankfurter stands or wagons." Now the IBC's dead and they're burying it, but the managers say: habeas corpus. As Cus D'Amato tells it: "There was a guy in World War I who sat silent through the false armistice and the real thing while his friends leaped in the air about him and shouted happily. But once on the boat for home he went on deck and by himself leaped in the air and shouted."

Although nobody's shouting, the hope is that a reasonable facsimile of the good old days will be here again, the days when the gyms were full of brave young fighters who knew all the moves and did what they were told; and you could move with them. And here is a gallery of hopes: some major, with only time itself between them and the big score, some minor and wistful: young prizefighters who are most likely to succeed when the chassis is over. They are presently unranked by either *The Ring* magazine or the National Boxing Association. No fighters from outside the U.S. are included, and there are no feather-, bantam- or flyweights present, because the preponderance of the unranked in these divisions is foreign.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

"I've got a message from beyond," said Cleveland Williams, who, at 205 pounds, is big enough to know better. "I'm not well enough to fight." Four doctors told him he was, but Williams was listening to his voices in Wales in July and would not fight Dick Richardson. "He publicly disgraced himself," says Cus D'Amato. "He hadn't the decency to pretend he wasn't frightened, to keep within the rules of our business. But all terribly scared people have a certain amount of skill." Williams, 24, of Houston, is a bad actor, but he does have a noteworthy skill; he is a first-rate puncher with both hands, and, as a consequence, has knocked out 33 opponents in 40 fights while losing but twice. In the main, he has fought those whom he can hit and who are not good hitters (busted valises with names like Baby Booze and Graveyard Walters) and has avoided those who can take it and not quit; and, in fairness, he has been avoided, too; there is no advantage in taking on a Williams. But instead of gaining confidence and ability as the quality of the opposition was stepped up, Williams has never relinquished his faith in his punching. Almost paradoxically, then, his strength has become his weakness; if he cannot knock the man out early he may get discouraged, frustrated and listless. Yet he is an exceedingly strong puncher and because of that is the best of the rest, as is written in the horse charts.



MIDDLEWEIGHT DIAMOND DICK KELLY

They are Tom McNeeley Jr. and Ernest Terrell. McNeeley played football at Michigan State, which also produced Chuck Spieser, who is harder to pronounce (Some say it's Spieser Like freeze her or please her But I am much wiser And know it is Spieser than he is to lick; and that TV dinner, Chuck Davey. "Tom's the strongest Irishman you've ever seen," says one of his handlers, "and he got a nice, big head on him." McNeeley, 22, comes from Arlington, Mass., stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 198, and has won all seven of his bouts, six by kayo. He is managed by another collegian, yet: Peter Fuller, Harvard '48, the son of former Governor Alvan Fuller of Massachusetts.

Terrell, 19, is an attenuated Chicagoan out of Mississippi, who has lost one fight, a split, out of 13. Although a quick and potent hitter, he moves his feet awkwardly, and it is felt that "his frame's too small." His manager, Ed Stevenson Sr., a kind of retired plumbing contractor, has other doubts. "He's a nice boy, good behaving, but you never know," he says. "If they meet the wrong kind of girl at the right or wrong time, you never know. But he has all the possibilities. He's a gentleman and never says anything wrong in any form or shape."

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

"I really don't like boxing as a boxer should," says Orville Pitts. "I've always wanted to go to school. But I haven't done justice to myself or school or anything in the last six months. I'm frustrated." Pitts, 25, is a lean, moody, indecisive figure who

has been boxing since he was 13 and wants to be a lawyer. He was an NCAA champion when he attended the University of Wisconsin (Madison) and a National Golden Gloves champion. When he turned pro in January 1957, he transferred to the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee) and has a year to go for his B.A. degree in political science. But now, to his wife's consternation, he has dropped out of school. "I can always go back," Pitts says. "But I can't always go back to boxing."

Pitts has been "retired" since he was beaten by Tony Anthony, the No. 1 contender, in a gross mismatch last June. Prior to that fight he had knocked out eight and lost a split decision to Jimmy Slade, the old spoiler. Pitts is willing to share the blame for the disastrous Anthony match. "The only nice thing about boxing, it seems like, is that the money comes in fast," he says. "You can't imagine what is taken from a man's body in 10 rounds, and it can't be replaced. Maybe my ego was inflated, and here was a long shot, a chance to make some money. If I hit, I'd be in the bucks."

Out of the bucks, he now is back in training, working chiefly on the conspicuous flaws in his style: he is hesitant to throw a left hook and is an inferior infighter. He does possess a smart left jab and an extremely powerful overhand right. An experienced fighter, however, can adjust his defense to contain the single, signal weapon he has to fear from Pitts, the booming right. If Pitts can, indeed, become a complete fighter, he has a splendid future; if not, he should go back to poli sci.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

There are three bright young men in this class: José Torres, Diamond Dick Kelly and Hank (Hurry-Up) Casey. Torres, 22, is the celebrated Puerto Rican in Brooklyn who has won all nine of his fights, seven by knockouts, to the delight and glory of his countrymen in the harsh, cold and bewildering North. He fights out of Cus D'Amato's rigorous "peekaboo" style (SI, Dec. 15) and, despite his record, is not an explosive puncher or a quick finisher; most of his kayos are a result of attrition.

Squire Bill Daly, a dresser in the Italian suits with the cuffs on the sleeves, has Diamond Dick and gave him his name for flash and because he feels he has "a diamond in the rough."

WELTERWEIGHT JOE (BUZZ) SHAW

HEAVYWEIGHT TOM McNEELEY JR.

Kelly, 24, comes from Florence, S.C., is as tall as a first baseman (6 feet 2 inches) and, as they say, if he hits you on the top of the head he'll break your ankle. He has had 32 fights and has won 27 of them by knockout. He has lost three, all by knockout, being stopped twice by Clarence Hinnant in 1956 while giving away 17 and 24 pounds) when Hinnant was a far, far better man than he is today, and he was knocked out by Chebo Hernandez when he had a 102° fever and too much medicine. Kelly is a straight-up-and-down combination fighter with a dandy right hand; his left hook ain't bad, either. His trainer, Lee Black, says: "We would take on a Giardello or a Jones." Black says Kelly says: "It makes no difference. They all got to go, so they all got to come. Got to make that Big Ten."

Casey, 24, of San Francisco, is the California middleweight champion. He lost to Jim Cody in his third fight, but the newspapers gave it to Casey. He drew with Willie Vaughn, and the newspapers gave it to Casey. The newspapers *and* the officials gave Casey his 19 wins. Casey is clever and not particularly pleasing, even to the freebees. He's a pop hitter, cute defensively, using his long arms to ward off blows, and is a busy worker in spots, especially in retreat.

WELTERWEIGHTS

The finest welterweight prospect in the nation has had only five fights, won them all, four by kayo, and has such speed of hand that it is difficult to tell that he is, in truth, a counterpuncher. He is Joe (Buzz) Shaw, another of Cus D'Amato's *underdoubles*. Shaw, 20, is a silent, determined boy from St. Louis, with extensive amateur experience, including the '56 Olympics. Although a big hitter, Shaw is a boxer, D'Amato claims, rather than a slugger. D'Amato defines a slugger as "one who is willing to take a punch to create an opening," a boxer as one who doesn't have to get hit.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Eddie Perkins is 21, lives on Chicago's South Side and is a boxer-puncher who can counterpunch. "But he presses when I tell him to press," says Co-manager Frank Tomaso. He has had 16 fights, has lost three and has beaten Baby Vasquez and Frankie Ryff on the TV. Perkins likes to play practical jokes, which is O.K. by Tomaso. "I told him to be jolly so he'll occupy his mind, so he won't be, you know," says Tomaso. "I used to be an adult probation officer."

Gene Gresham, 21, the lightweight champion of Michigan, came to Detroit from the South in the great post-war migration because the word down yonder was that Detroit was a money town. Gresham had 200 amateur bouts and lost only nine, and he's won all 19 of his professional starts, nine by TKO. He has never been knocked down or cut. He is an assertive boxer who carries his hands

continued

high, jabs constantly and accurately, but throws few combinations. "I will box," he says, "as long as I have good health. As long as you're doing it right, it doesn't seem hard at all."

Little Bobby Hicks says: "I just want to be a fighter, but I want to be a good one like Ray Robinson." Hicks, an 18-year-old senior at Seattle's Garfield High, rarely produces a sentence as long as that one; he is a grave and close boy. Introvert Bobby came out of his shell long enough this winter to play a walk-on (or fall-down) bit in his class play. Fortunately, Bobby had no line load; he played the part of a prizefighter who was flattened with one punch. It was something of a novelty for Bobby, who has not been on the floor in 62 amateur and 10 (all wins) professional fights. Hicks's success in the ring lies in extremely fast reflexes and an aggressive attitude. "Sometimes I think he wants to kick them when he gets them down," says Manager George Chemeres, with ill-concealed delight. Chemeres, you may recall, trained Pete Rademacher until the "death" of that salesman in L.A. last year.

Hicks hits well with both hands and is gradually acquiring polish as a boxer. He has a good sense of balance and has inherited through Chemeres (who learned much of his stuff from Jack Hurley) a few of the techniques of the irascible old Deacon. This means, in essence, that Little Bobby carries his hands somewhat lower than the average fighter. "Bobby don't keep his hands no lower than anybody else," says Chemeres hotly. "It just looks that way. I'd put him in with any lightweight in the world right now—for two, three rounds. But I ain't going to do that. He's got the body of a baby yet, and we got lots of time."

Solomon "Buzz Saw" Boysaw, 26, the son of an itinerant minister, came to Cleveland from Birmingham. He has won all 21 of his fights. The left hook has been his most dependable weapon to date, but he's working on his right on the big bag and now believes he can hit equally hard with it. "I stay on my toes and keep moving until I hurt my man," Boysaw says. "Then I get off my toes to get more power. Been doing more bobbing and weaving lately; fact is, I have three or four styles; use whichever one the situation calls for." **END**

SPECIAL OUTDOOR CORRAL DESIGNED FOR 3-YEAR-OLD FIRST LANDING TO GIVE HIM

HORSE RACING / *William Leggett*

Hopes run rampant

As the winter racing season gets under way in Florida, eyes are focused on promising 3-year-olds—particularly First Landing. Is he the 1959 Derby winner?

THE NAME Hialeah in a headline or across the top of a racing chart has come to mean more to the American racegoer than the mere fact that horses are running in an atmosphere of palms and ponds and many bright-colored birds [illegible]. Within recent years it has become the summit for all winter racing in the East and, aside from prodding the appetite of some 25 million frost-bound devotees for the spring and summer racing menu, it actually establishes the tenor for the long new racing year about to unfold itself.

Compared to tracks like Belmont Park or Pimlico or Saratoga, Hialeah is totally lacking in venerability. After all, the meeting currently in progress is only its 32nd, and this makes it one of our younger major race tracks. But anyone who takes the long, casual drive up the avenue of royal palms that leads to the entrance will have forgotten all about venerability long before the daily-double windows close. And, once inside, when he has sighted the silks of the famous stables like Calumet, Brookmeade, Greentree, Glen Riddle or George D. Widener, he should have a pretty good idea that he's not at the roller derby.

In just 40 days of racing Hialeah gives away over $2 million in purses and draws close to (and in good years over) 800,000 people. This year more people than ever before will be talking about Hialeah, thanks to the seven successive Saturday afternoon telecasts, which started with last week's Hibiscus and continue with this week's Royal Palm Handicap (NBC-TV, 4:30 p.m. EST).

The most famous of all Hialeah's races is, of course, the $100,000 Flamingo Stakes for 3-year-olds. Not only is the Flamingo the first major race for eastern Kentucky Derby candidates, but it is also one of the most peculiar pauses on the whole racing calendar. On Flamingo Day (Feb. 28), programs, racing forms, tablecloths—everything save mink—

FULL BENEFIT OF FLORIDA SUNSHINE

at Hialeah

turns pink. An hour before the race a group of Seminole Indians, rented for the occasion at $2 a head, start herding more than 300 Bacardi-colored birds through the infield. Indians shriek, flamingos squawk and even the most taciturn horseplayer takes whimsical delight in the phantom chase between overdressed redmen and undressed poultry.

But this delight is brief. The rich and lasting one comes with the Flamingo itself. The last four runnings have been won by horses belonging to racing's glamour roster—Tim Tam, Bold Ruler, Needles and Nashua. Six of our last 10 Kentucky Derby winners have in fact been Hialeah-developed racers, and 21 of the past 30 horses to finish in the money in Triple Crown events have received their early 3-year-old training or racing at this race track.

This year, however, looks a little bit different from recent ones. Most of the owners and trainers currently at Hialeah feel that they already know the name of the Flamingo winner and the name of the Kentucky Derby winner as well. In Christopher T. Chenery's First Landing they feel that the 3-year-old division has a superstar and that there is nothing that is going to come on late in the season to challenge his supremacy. His record of 10 wins in 11 starts last year showed them that he could take all the fury of mud and distance and still beat the best of his contemporaries, and that he would ripen over the winter.

As First Landing's trainer, Casey Hayes, said the other morning, "This colt has really filled out [*see picture*]; he has picked up about 75 pounds, and off his early workouts here I'd say he was in real fine shape. He's a good-natured horse and the type that will go along with a trainer's plans. Right now we plan to give him an overnight race, then the Everglades February 18 and then the Flamingo. After that, we'll see. He'll probably get a prep for the Florida Derby and then run in that. But right now it doesn't look like he'll get more than four or five races in Florida before he moves on to the Kentucky Derby. I'm trying out a little theory of my own with him. We've built him a special paddock where he can stand by himself, get the sunshine and nibble on the grass. I think that it gets boring for a horse to stand in his stall all afternoon long. By being out in the air he should keep himself alert and soak in the sun."

There are, however, some historically proved points about good 2-year-olds that should be assayed when they turn 3. For one thing, only three of the past 22 "best" 2-year-olds ever went on to win Kentucky Derbies and these three (Count Fleet, Citation and Needles) managed to win eight Triple Crown races between them. And, for another, Garden State winners, of which First Landing became one last October, usually run a precarious course. Of five past winners only one was ever sound enough to start in a Kentucky Derby. But First Landing seems perhaps better than the others.

The other important 2-year-olds of last year, Tomy Lee and Intentionally, are not at Hialeah. Intentionally is still in Maryland and Tomy Lee will probably get a couple of prep races at Santa Anita before it is decided whether to try him in the Flamingo and the Florida Derby. Although Tudor Melody, the leader of the Free Handicap—the British equivalent of our Experimental), is at Hialeah and working about as well as might be expected, the chances of his getting up to the Flamingo are quite bleak. His trainer, Johnny Nerud, is not the type of trainer to damage a horse for an expedient purse. "This colt will be out later," Nerud says. "He'll let me know when he's ready."

At the start of any new 3-year-old season it has become quite natural to be suspicious of what may be lurking up the devil's-red-and-blue-sleeves of Calumet Farm. Their remarkable Derby record over the last 11 years—nine starters, five winners and two seconds—makes everyone wary of them. While this might not look like the brightest year for Calumet, this superb racing establishment always seems to be at its best when the outlook is worst. Trainer Jimmy Jones explained his position the other day in the same fashion that he usually does this early in the season. "We have two colts that we're concentrating on, Numo and On-and-On. About the only thing that I can say about Numo right now is that he is big and good-lookin' and he comes from Calumet Farm. On-and-On by Nasrullah out of Two Lea] hurt his left hind ankle last year and has been slow in coming around. He's doing pretty good right now, and even though I haven't nominated him to the Flamingo he might come along in time for the Derby. All you can do is throw them into a race and see which one gets back first."

CONCENTRATION ON YOUTH

Although most of the concentration is on the younger horses at Hialeah, since they are the ones that will gather most of the national attention in the time between now and this June, the older horses are going for some giant jackpots themselves. Bardstown ran a splendid race in the Tropical Park handicap two weeks ago and Nadir is slowly grinding his way back to form. With Bardstown, however, it's always a problem. As Jones says, "Bardstown is 7 years old *now and there's only a limited number* of really top efforts in any horse. It's just like hens. There's only a certain number of eggs in them, and while you can get the maximum out of them with good feed and good care you can only get the maximum and not any more."

If Clem, Vertex, Idun and Admiral Vee can run back to their 1958 races then the eastern handicaps could be good. But, in the meantime, the best older horses—Round Table, Jewel's Reward, Hillsdale and Warhead—appear to be at Santa Anita. **END**

A panicky finish for the Crosby

In an idyllic setting Art Wall Jr. and Gene Littler ran into the heebie jeebies

GOLFER WHO FADED HIS SHOT ON THE BEACH EXPERIENCES SOME CROSBY PROBLEMS

FREQUENTLY, tournament golf can be a great deal more than just grim-faced professionals going about their business behind a cordon of marshals. Sixty thousand spectators witnessing the 18th Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur tournament on the spectacularly scenic Monterey Peninsula had a fine example of this fact last week. For though the lighthearted Crosby has recently been converted into a big money tournament on the pro circuit, it has lost none of its friendly, refreshing flavor. It is still the best golfing weekend in America in the minds of the faithful who return year after year. The amateurs love it and treat an invitation to the Crosby like a summons from on high. The fans love it because it combines good golf and celebrities in truly lovely surroundings. Most of the pros like it because for once, and thanks to Host Bing, they are part of the social life of a tournament.

Why is the Crosby so special? First, it is played on three extraordinarily fine golf courses, each with its own personality—Monterey Peninsula, the wooded inland course; Pebble Beach, a "links" on the seaside; and Cypress Point, a spectacular combination of the other two. Since the courses are played alternately the first three days, spectators can fan out and find their favorite golfers and be assured, at least before the final day, that they won't be shoved around by officious marshals.

The favorite golf hole of the spectators—but hardly the contestants—is the famous, frightening 16th at Cypress. The tee is a small patch of grass atop a rocky cliff; 222 yards across a surging inlet of the Pacific Ocean lies the green. Bold players hit their tee shots straight for the green, but the more cautious can play short to the left and settle for a bogey 4. Spectators gather on and behind the tee on a small rise, anxiously awaiting the inevitably faded or hooked drives, either of which can hit the ocean.

Since 1954 Porky Oliver has probably held the tournament record score for the 16th—a whopping 16 blows. But much to the delight of the 16th watchers this year an unknown professional named Hans Merrill not only took a record 19 shots, but he did it without putting a single ball into the water. His nemesis was the thick, almost impenetrable ice plant that grows along the right side of the green.

Though not as dramatic as the 16th at Cypress, the 18th at Pebble Beach is widely regarded as the toughest finishing hole in golf. And it lived up to its reputation in this year's Crosby. The two men who tested it under pressure, Art Wall and Gene Littler, will not soon forget the experience.

The record shows that for the past two years the greatest last-round player in professional golf has been Art Wall Jr., a slender, edgy professional from Pocono Manor, Pa. Judging by his first three performances in 1959, Wall is about to abdicate his finishing-round title, but he may very well replace it with the far more desirable leading-money-winner crown.

At Los Angeles three weeks ago Art Wall, despite Ken Venturi's incredible closing round of 63, still needed only his last-round average for the past two years of 70.7 to win the tournament. Yet he took a 73 for second place ($1, Jan. 19). The following week in Tijuana he had another last-round 73 to lose out to Ernie Vossler.

In the first three days of the Cros-

by, Wall put together a 69 at Cypress, a 65 at Monterey Peninsula and a 2-under-par 70 at Pebble Beach. This left him 4 strokes up on Jimmy Demaret and 6 ahead of former U.S. Amateur Champion Gene Littler. On the basis of his once-formidable last-round penchant, everyone felt Wall was a shoo-in.

Wall's start on Sunday morning confirmed this. He quickly birdied the first three holes with putts of 35, 5 and 10 feet. At this point, the Pebble Beach course turns to the ocean, and all manner of troubles pop up. Nonetheless, Wall managed to turn in a creditable 2 under par on the first nine. Another birdie on No. 10 put him 9 strokes up on Littler. But that was his last good hole. He bogeyed No. 11, double-bogeyed No. 12, bogeyed 13 and 14, birdied 15 and bogeyed 16 and 17 to lose 8 full strokes to Littler.

Going into the 18th, Wall's lead had dwindled to one stroke, and there wasn't a soul in the huge gallery who didn't feel a sickness in his stomach over the collapse of this fine golfer. Littler as always was ice-calm.

Both men drove well, but Littler's ball hooked close to the edge of the sea wall that protects the 18th fairway from the lapping waves of Carmel Bay. Wall played his second wood safely down the middle, and Littler took out a four-wood to insure a safe shot from a difficult lie. He took three easy practice swings, then hit a looping hook well out into the bay. It cost him a two-stroke penalty, and by the time Littler's alternate ball reached the green he lay 5. Wall, meanwhile, had a seven-iron approach into the trap in front of the green, and he came out too strong to the back edge of the undulating green but still on the putting surface. Two putts put him down in 6—his third straight bogey—but at least the shattering ordeal was over. Even had Littler sunk his putt, he would still have been one stroke short of a tie. Despite his miserable 41 on the last nine holes, Wall brought home a very creditable 279 for the four days of extremely testing golf, and that was good for the first-prize money of $4,000 plus an additional $2,000 for the pro-amateur best-ball with Charlie Coe. When it was all over and he could finally collect his thoughts, Wall was able to give a perfectly simple golfer's explanation of what had happened: "I couldn't make the ball do what I wanted." **END**

Tip from the Top

TERL JOHNSON, *Du Pont CC, Wilmington, Del.*

The cure for hitting behind the ball

AVERAGE GOLFERS—both men and women—have a great tendency to strike the ground behind the ball on their fairway shots. This happens when the weight is shifted back to the right foot on the backswing and is not shifted forward (to the left) at the start of the downswing. The weight shift controls the low point of the arc in the swing.

There are three reasons why golfers find themselves unable to shift their weight forward soon enough as they start down: 1) their feet are set too far apart; 2) the right knee has become locked at the top of the backswing; 3) the right hand begins hitting too soon on the downswing.

To overcome these errors, first get the feet closer together at address. Then keep the same amount of flex in the right knee as you go back—and at the top of the backswing—as the knee had at address. (This flex of the right knee is what makes the pros look as though they are half sitting down when they hit a shot.) With the right knee properly flexed at the top of the backswing, it is possible to transfer the weight over to the left foot at the start of the downswing. It's impossible if the right knee is locked. If the above remedy doesn't complete the cure, work to introduce a slight hesitation or pause at the top of the backswing and be conscious of beginning the downswing with the left hand pulling the club down.

Above (incorrect): right knee locked at top of backswing.

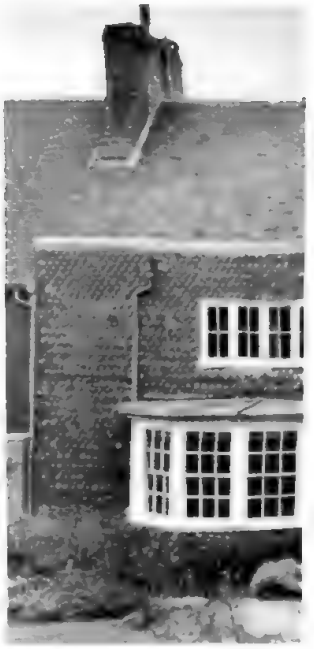
Left (correct): right knee flexed at top of backswing.

NEXT WEEK: *Louise Suggs on adapting the stance to your build*

A Special Dozy, Cozy Kind of Dormy House

An original Walker Cup team member and Britain's leading golf writer tells of his warm, pleasant life by the edge of a golf course

by BERNARD DARWIN



THE AUTHOR, 82, POSING BEFORE

"LIVES in a dormy house, does he?" some reader may exclaim. "Poor fellow, he must hear all the hard-luck stories of all the golfers. I'm sorry for him."

Well, it is really not as bad as that. The name of dormy house conveys to most people a near neighbor of a golf club if not part of the golf club itself. But my dormy house is a little different from the rest.

It is close to the Land Gate in the lovely old town of Rye in Sussex, where one illustrious American, Henry James, made his English home. It is full of history, for it is one of the two "ancient towns," its neighbor Winchelsea being the other, which, with the five Cinque Ports, provided in olden days the very heart and nucleus of the British navy. Today the sea has receded from Rye, even as it has from Sandwich, and left it with its narrow cobbled streets, huddled around the church on the top of a dry cliff, with the water a few miles away.

Naturally, the links are by the sea, which once no doubt rolled over them, and where the sea has been are to be found the best of golf courses. No human architect, with the wealth of Midas ready to his hand, could imitate this ideal; not only the main features, the lines of sandhills with the valleys between, but all the thousands of smaller undulations, the plateaus and craters in miniature, which go at once to make up that golfing perfection and to make us on our bad days complain that a good drive has given us an unjust lie. And Rye, in the minds of all who know it, is one of the noblest of links, true seaside, having all the qualities whether bold or subtle which heart can desire and with a sense of peace and privacy which a championship course can scarcely boast. Rye, thank heaven, is not a championship course and never will be. The narrow tortuous road that leads to it, together with geographical difficulties, puts it out of the question for any crowded festival, and for that matter I think the members would let the champions come there only over their dead bodies. So it remains like a man who, without titles or honors, is yet universally accepted as an equal in the most distinguished company. It is famous without any of the accompanying disadvantages of fame.

LOVE AND FORTUNE

The course was laid out in the '90s by Harry Colt, and the first time the world heard of it was when a match was played there between Harry Vardon and Freddie Tait, two names that always made news. It was not very long after this and well in the gutty age that I paid my first visit to the links and to the dormy house. At once I fell in love with both, and by good fortune an uncle had then, like a fairy godmother, given me a handsome tip. This, with a reckless wisdom, I devoted to entrance fees and subscriptions otherwise beyond my means, and the place has been near my heart ever since.

This old friend of a dormy house, to which I have now returned for good, is a pleasant, ancient house on the cliff top. It is a separate institution from the golf club, though most of its members, but not all, are golfers, for it is also a local social club. By the time the golfers have finished their rounds and returned here for tea and crumpets by the billiard-room fire their acute yearning for sympathy is over. They tell me those hard-luck stories, which I mentioned, only if I ask for them, and this I do with judicious restraint.

To many American golfers the notion of staying in a dormy house may, for all I know, convey visions of splendor, the mingled splendor of country club and hotel. It is now, alas, so long since I was in America that my memories of staying in golf clubs may appear those of a golfing Rip Van Winkle. I stayed twice, in 1913 and 1922, at The Country Club at Brookline. Both were memorable years, the first that of Francis Ouimet's victory over Ted Ray and Vardon (I can still hear the pattering of the rain and see the wet mist hanging about the trees), the second that of Jess Sweetser's championship. In 1922 I spent a very pleasant night at Pine Valley, which prided itself, unless I am mistaken, on an absence of women and a scorn of changing for dinner. At the National, where I visited in those same two years, I stayed elsewhere, but the rest of my companions of the first Walker Cup side, in 1922, were put up in a genuine dormy house called, I think, the Hen Coop.

Of my second stay at The Country Club I have one vivid memory. It was, I suppose, in time of Prohibition not wholly rigid. On my first night I had gone early to bed, but was

QUIET, DICKENSIAN DORMY HOUSE, HAS BEEN WRITING GOLF FOR OVER 50 YEARS

awakened by a member. He was very sorry, but thought he had left a bottle of whiskey under my pillow. And so he had, though I had not perceived its outline, and after its return we parted with mutual apologies.

The atmosphere of those hospitable American clubs was, as I remember it, essentially one of comfort; of unceremonious snugness. We here at the dormy house deem ourselves very snug. We live under the matriarchal care of a lady who is an admirable cook and is reinforced by two men servants. Not only are we cozy but we seem to me, and I have been a member for well over 50 years, essentially immutable.

This placid life changes at the weekend to one of cheerful bustle. A small flood of London golfers pours down upon us, sometimes to play a match against Rye, sometimes to take part in an Old Boy competition, sometimes merely as a party of friends to play foursomes by day and bridge by night. I may add that I am fortunate in having my own sitting room and my own books and pictures. If I want to scribble, as now, or to sulk, I can be as unsociable as I please, and my room is impervious to the most jovial shouts from the billiard room.

It is to this billiard room that the new arrival on a Friday night repairs to warm himself after his drive or heaps the golfing plans for the morrow. It is there that the full tide of the club's existence may be said to be. There is a glorious fireplace, where a wood fire crackles with a jolly sound. It has a fire back bearing an ancient coat of arms and two little seats flanking it on either side from which we may look up the great black throat of the chimney, where the wind rumbles on stormy nights, and watch the sparks flying upwards.

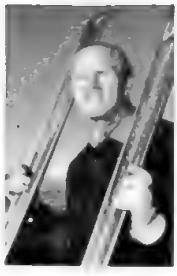
For many people this room and this fire stand for 35-odd years of memories of Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society matches and festivities. No account of the dormy house could be complete without a word or two as to the Society, which is bound to Rye by very close and special ties. Rye is indeed more than half officially the home course of the Society, and it is there in particular that it plays its annual tournament for the President's Putter, which attracts an amateur field of great strength and is the more noteworthy since it is played at a season when all other public golf is dead. It is in the bleak days of early January that we of the Society presume to hold our revels, and Providence must favor sheer impudence, since, save for the inevitable blank of wartime, we have played every year since 1920, and never yet, touching wood, has the weather beaten us.

It has often been, as the Iron Duke said of Waterloo, "a close run thing." We have had one or two frosty years; twice the snow has been so thick that the first day's play must be postponed, only to melt as if by magic and leave the turf beautifully combed and smoothed by its white coat. We have had clouds, very black and horrible, threatening to overwhelm us; we have fought against glacial winds, and it is no joke having to start your match at 8 o'clock on a winter's morning; but so far we have worried through, and that with a field of hard on a hundred players. And if it can be bitter out there on the links we think of the welcome that awaits us by the billiard-room fire. The sight of Rye on its cliff top, like some fairy citadel, with its lights beginning to shine through the dusk, and the thought of crumpets and hot baths are almost as warming in imagination as they soon will be in blessed fact.

FIERCE HORDES ARRIVE

The Putter is for the members of the Society a unique occasion, on which we are all comfortably together. It combines friendliness with good, fierce golf and it takes a lot of winning. Holderness, Wethered and Tolley are some of the names inscribed on the silver-bound golf balls hanging on the old wooden putter; later come Crawley, Duncan and Micklem, and three years ago Gordon Huddy, a Cambridge undergraduate, outrageously broke into these preserves and set an example to insurgent youth.

I am writing not long after the hordes for the Putter of 1959 will have swept down to fill not only the dormy house but every available bed in Rye. I suppose we all know the feeling that comes at the end of some cherished holiday, bringing us bitter envy of those who stay behind. When we are already far away they will be lightheartedly pursuing their ordinary avocations, perhaps even playing golf, with no more thought of us than has the dog of the house, sunning himself upon the steps and ready to wag a friendly tail at some new visitor. Many times I have felt that cruel pang of jealousy on leaving the dormy house after the Putter. Now I am the one left behind to see all the others depart. The life here is a dozy, cozy routine, broken at intervals by friends from the outside world. Soon they will come and go yet again, and then a great peace will descend on the dormy house. END



Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER
Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: *Can skiers with one- or two-week vacations find any low-cost travel-and-lodging package ski tours for this country and Europe?*

Yes, here are some typical vacation tours lasting five days or more, starting out from the larger cities. Price includes round trip, meals en route, room and board, tickets for all lifts.

LOS ANGELES to **Sun Valley,** seven days, March 14 to 22, travel by Union Pacific RR, stay at Challenger Inn or Chalet dorm, 10 two-hour ski lessons. Price: $158.95 dorm; $63 more for double room. Meals on train extra. See any Union Pacific ticket agent.

SAN FRANCISCO to **Squaw Valley,** 10 days, starting any Friday, by Greyhound bus, stay at Squaw Valley Lodge, three half-day lessons. Price: $99 up. Lifts extra: $25. Contact Garry Tours, San Francisco.

To **Aspen,** nine days, March 14 to 22, by Western Pacific RR, stay at Blue Spruce or Ski-Vu Lodge. Price: $149. Lifts extra. Contact Garry Tours, San Francisco.

DENVER to **Taos, N. Mex.,** seven days any time, by Continental Airlines, stay at Hondo Lodge or Chalet Alpina, daily one-hour lessons. Price: $136.30 for dorm; $30 extra per person for double room with bath. Contact Continental ticket office.

DALLAS, HOUSTON, SAN ANTONIO to **Taos,** seven days any time, by Continental Airlines, lodging at Hondo Lodge or Chalet Alpina, daily one-hour lessons. Price: from Dallas $155.10; from Houston $188.20; from San Antonio $176, lodging in dorm; $30 extra per person for double room with bath. Contact Continental Airlines ticket office.

CHICAGO to **Taos,** seven days any time, by Santa Fe RR or Continental Airlines, lodging at Hondo Lodge or Chalet Alpina, daily one-hour lessons. Price: $140.40 Santa Fe RR, $224.60 Continental Airlines, lodging in dorms; $30 extra per person for double room with bath. Contact Santa Fe or Continental Airlines ticket office, Chicago.

DETROIT to **Ste. Marguerite, Que.,** in the Laurentians, nine days, Feb. 14 to 22, by Canadian-Pacific RR, lodging at Chalet Cochand, two two-hour lessons per day, morning and afternoon. Price: $122. Contact Detroit Council of American Youth Hostels, Detroit. This is an AYH group tour, but new members are welcomed—membership fee $5.

To **Aspen,** 10 days, Feb. 20 to March 2, by United Airlines, lodging at Prince Albert or Roaring Fork, lifts and meals extra. Cost: $175. This is an Edison Ski Club tour. Contact John Lowry, 3547 Harding, Dearborn, Mich.

NEW YORK to **Lake Placid,** 10 days starting any Friday evening, by bus, lodging at Hotel Marcey, daily two-hour lessons. Price: $145, with two to room. Lifts extra. Contact Ski Bird Tours, New York City.

EUROPE

New York is the jumping-off place for those who want to ski on the continent. All major airlines servicing Switzerland and Germany have banded together to work out three basic tours, with a choice of 18 resorts (others by special arrangement) in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy or France. Round-trip air transportation is to Zurich, Geneva or Munich. Cost to Zurich or Geneva ranges from $522.20 economy class to $851.60 first class. There is a special family rate for wife and each child between 12 and 25: $372.20 economy to $551.60 first class; children under 12 half fare. Fare to Munich $536.80 economy to $870.50 first class (additional family members $386.80 to $570.50). Included in transatlantic air fare is first-class rail transportation from city of arrival to resort and return. Transportation from **MONTREAL, BOSTON, HARTFORD** or **PROVIDENCE** to New York free.

Tour No. 1 is six days at resort of your choice plus six days in Paris (including sightseeing trips). Average cost (add to air fare): $150 to $230, depending on choice of hotels, from standard to deluxe. All rooms are twin-bed rooms without bath. Tour No. 2 is six days at each of two resorts. Average cost: $180 standard to $240 deluxe. Tour No. 3 is five days at each of three resorts. Average cost: $240 to $360. Lifts are not included in any of the tours. Since all tours are independent you may make any side trips you wish, stopping over at such cities as London, Dublin, Amsterdam, Brussels, Frankfort, Hamburg, Madrid, Lisbon without paying any additional air fare. Arrangements can be made to suit your own itinerary, even to returning at a later date, if done at time of booking. For more detailed information get in touch with Steve Lohr, General Tours, Inc., 595 Madison Avenue, New York.

One of the best budget ways to ski Europe is to join a ski club that arranges its own trips. Most clubs require that you be a member for six months to a year prior to the tour. Among clubs going to the Alps this year is the **PHILADELPHIA** Ski Club, which plans to take up to 70 skiers (limited to members of the Pennsylvania Ski Federation and their immediate families) on a three-week trip to Kitzbuhel and St. Anton, Austria and Klosters and Davos, Switzerland. The group will leave Philadelphia February 22 via Pan American. Cost: $550 per person, including first-class flight to European destination, all bus and train transportation in Europe, lodging, meals, cost of shipping luggage and equipment and one evening's entertainment at a Paris night-club the night before departure for home, March 15. Contact Willie Hischmann, 112 Loller Rd., Hatboro, Pa. Another such group is the **CHICAGO** Metropolitan Ski Club, which has chartered a Pan American plane for a three-week trip to Kitzbühel and St. Anton, Austria and Davos, Switzerland. The group will leave Chicago on February 6 and return March 1. The cost: $685 per person, including air fare, meals and lodging. Contact the Harvey Mason Travel Bureau, Chicago. The U.S. Eastern Amateur Ski Association plans two three-week trips to Europe via TWA. Both tours will leave from New York, stop at Boston before heading overseas. The first leaves January 30 for Munich, returning from Geneva February 21; the second leaves February 13 for Zurich, returning from Zurich March 7. The USEASA provides air transportation only; skiers are on their own once they land in Europe. Cost: $259.50. Contact Edwin D. Eaton, 248 Steele Rd., West Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

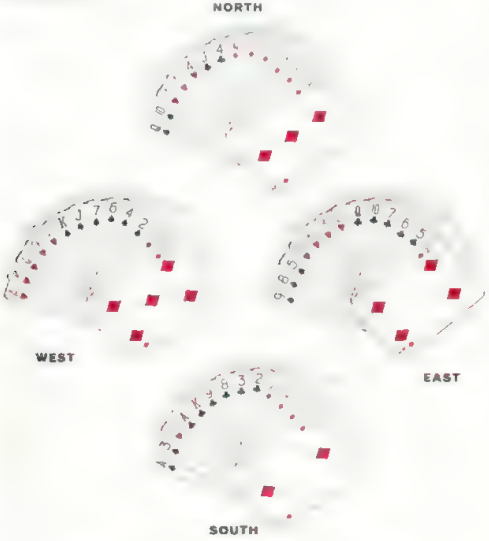
Meet the team: SIDNEY LAZARD

This is the fourth of a series introducing some of the players in the forthcoming World Bridge Championships

THE NEW PARTNERSHIP on our bridge team, which goes into action against Italy and Argentina for the World Championship next week, is Sidney Lazard, 27, an oilman from New Orleans, and Lee Hazen, a New York attorney. They will be playing a "hit-and-run" system which allows extremely light opening bids on hands with as little as 12 points and occasionally a trifle less. Since attack is the best defense, especially against artificial systems, it is expected that these powder-puff opening bids will often rob the Italians of their most effective weapon—the artificial one-club opening.

Lazard is a fine player, as evidenced by this hand.

North-South vulnerable
East dealer



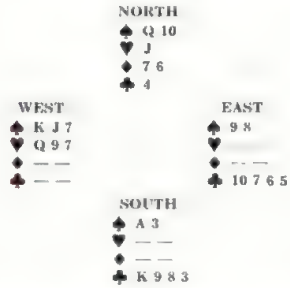
EAST	SOUTH (Lazard)	WEST	NORTH
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
PASS	2 NO TRUMP	3♥	PASS
4♥	6♦	PASS	PASS
PASS			

The explanation that Lazard gives for his bidding proves how valuable it is to be familiar with what the opponents' bids mean. In this hand, Sidney had the advantage of playing against his frequent partner, Bill Hanna, who held the East cards.

Here was Lazard's chain of reasoning. East's pass on the second round disclosed his bid as a psychic. It was his invariable habit (at that time) to psyche in his longest suit. West's three-heart bid (knowing Bill had psyched) expected a raise from East, providing East held four hearts. Since East had thought briefly before bidding four hearts, Lazard reasoned this could only be because he held three cards in the spade suit and was considering bidding three spades. So South counted East's distribution as not including more than a single diamond.

On the other side of the table, West's bidding seemed to Lazard to show at least 11 major-suit cards. That left room in his hand for no more than two diamonds and revealed that North must have at least a six-card diamond suit. As Sidney modestly describes his ratiocination, "The opponents' tactics had made it necessary for me to guess and, luckily, I guessed right."

There was still a lot of good "guessing" required before the slam came home. West cashed the heart king and continued with the ace, which South trumped with the ace of diamonds (he needed the little ones for re-entry to dummy)! Next he cashed the diamond king and led low to dummy's diamond jack. The jack of clubs was led, covered with the queen and taken by the ace. Next came South's last trump to get back to dummy, followed by a fourth diamond, leaving this position:



Leading a fifth trump forced East to discard a spade, and South threw a club. Next came a club finesse, won by the 8; then the king of clubs, on which dummy's spade 10 was thrown. On the next club, which dummy trumped, West had to blank his king of spades in order to keep the queen of hearts. So dummy led the queen of spades to South's ace and Lazard's spade 3 won the last trick and brought home the slam. END

FOOD / *Mary Frost Mahon*

The jockey who loves to cook

RIDER'S FAVORITE in kitchen is Old World equivalent of the New England boiled dinner.

When he isn't taking fences in major steeplechases, French-born Albert Foot takes to the saucepans

"WHEN I AM TOO OLD to be a jockey, I should like to be a cook," said Albert Foot. We were sitting in his pretty cottage at Elmont, Long Island, a stone's throw from Belmont Park, in a basement room fixed up with a *little bar and several tables with red-checked tablecloths*—for all the world like a little French café. His wife, Raymonde, broke into the conversation to explain that her husband learned to love both horses and *la cuisine* when he was a boy growing up in Chantilly, near Paris. His father was English, and a jockey, but his mother was French and a really extraordinary cook. "Now," said Raymonde, "Albert cooks when he can; *quelquefois* no time: too many horses to ride."

As everyone who follows racing knows, it looks as if there will be many more horses in Albert Foot's life. For though he is 39 years old, he is ideal in build and weight, as well as in experience, for a jockey of jumping horses. Under first call to Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Montpelier Farm, he has ridden winners in the past few years in most of the important steeplechase and hurdle races in this country, topping off last year's successful season with his victory on Benguala in the Temple Gwathmey, the world's richest steeplechase.

In discussing food with me, Foot revealed himself to be a modest but perfectionist cook. The classics of every French home—the perfectly roasted chickens, the *coq au vin*, the tender omelets, the nourishing soups, the savory ragouts and the innumerable preparations of vegetables that are dear to the French heart—these are what he knows and loves. Some day he may hurdle the tallest culinary fence to become a famous chef. Meanwhile, here is his delectable version of *pot-au-feu*, a dish of simple country origin, which is shown as prepared for serving in the photograph, on the opposite page.

Pot-au-feu (it translates literally as pot-on-the-fire) is the French equivalent of New England boiled dinner. The broth is served first with prepared *croûtes* of bread (*see recipe*), and the meat and vegetables that have cooked in this broth are arranged on a platter, to be served as a succeeding course. Traditional accompaniment to this dish is coarse salt (the kind sold in flakes for salt mills). Also pickles, mustard and sometimes a horseradish sauce. Leftover meat provides a meal the next day—cut up in dice shape, dressed with a sour French dressing and onion rings and served cold as a salad.

POT-AU-FEU *(serves four)*

5 quarts of cold water
3 pounds bottom round of beef or 1½ pounds bottom round and 1½ pounds lean plate
1½ pounds beef shank sawed in 3-inch lengths (or a knuckle of beef sawed in two)
5½ tablespoons of salt
1 peeled onion stuck with 1 clove
1 medium-sized rutabaga or 2 white turnips, peeled and cut in quarters
8 leeks, cleaned
1 bunch of carrots, scraped and halved
1 bouquet tied in cheesecloth bag (sprig of parsley, pinch of dried thyme and a bay leaf)
1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet or meat extract

In an earthenware marmite or large soup kettle put meat and water. Cover tightly while bringing very slowly to the boil, but push into the pot repeatedly and keep skimming off scum that rises to the surface. Don't allow pot to boil before it is well skimmed or the floating matter will sink to the bottom and must then be taken out. When boiling commences, put in the salt and the onion, cover and simmer slowly so as to obtain only one or two steam bubbles every second. After 2 hours add bouquet and all vegetables except 6 of the leeks. After another hour add the remaining leeks. When these are cooked, about 1 hour more, strain broth and arrange meat and vegetables on a platter, discarding bouquet and bare bones. Keep the platter hot until ready to serve. Reheat broth, adding Kitchen Bouquet for color. Put into marmite or tureen to be ladled out at the table.

Croûtes to accompany broth

Cut loaf of French bread lengthwise, then crosswise to make four pieces. Remove all crumb (the soft, inside part). Heavily paint the remaining crusts with melted butter on all sides. Dry out in a very slow oven till light golden in color and very crisp.

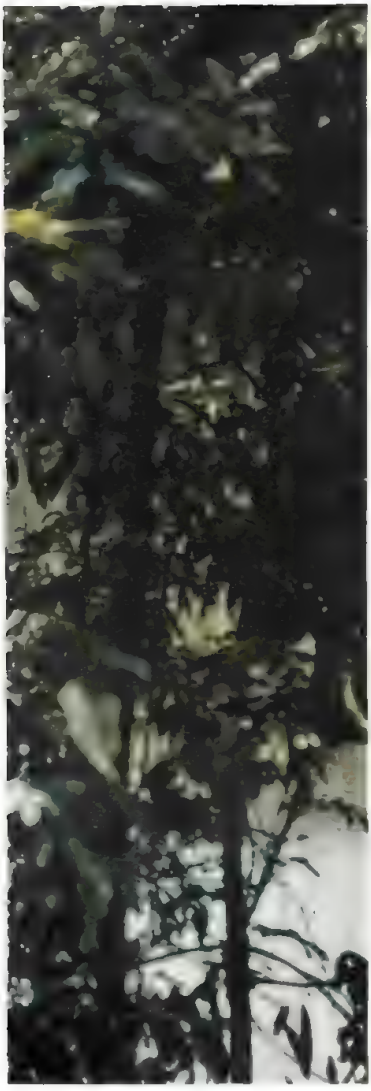
Color photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

Adventure on the Serpent River

In the wild and primitive jungles of southern Mexico hunters are discovering a unique outdoor experience

EACH YEAR half a million Americans travel south to Mexico, a vacationland of big fish and bullfights, exotic beaches and ancient ruins. Some come to relax in the winter sun or to wander through quaint Spanish villages; others to troll the waters of the blue Pacific or the inlets along the Gulf. A growing number of them come each season to hunt Mexico's abundant game—jaguars, ocelots, javelinas and myriads of waterfowl—and a few of them are now discovering a new kind of outdoor adventure in the wilderness pictured on these pages. For this is the forgotten part of Mexico, a primitive and forbidding jungle known as the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which separates the country's plains and mountains from the peninsula of Yucatan.

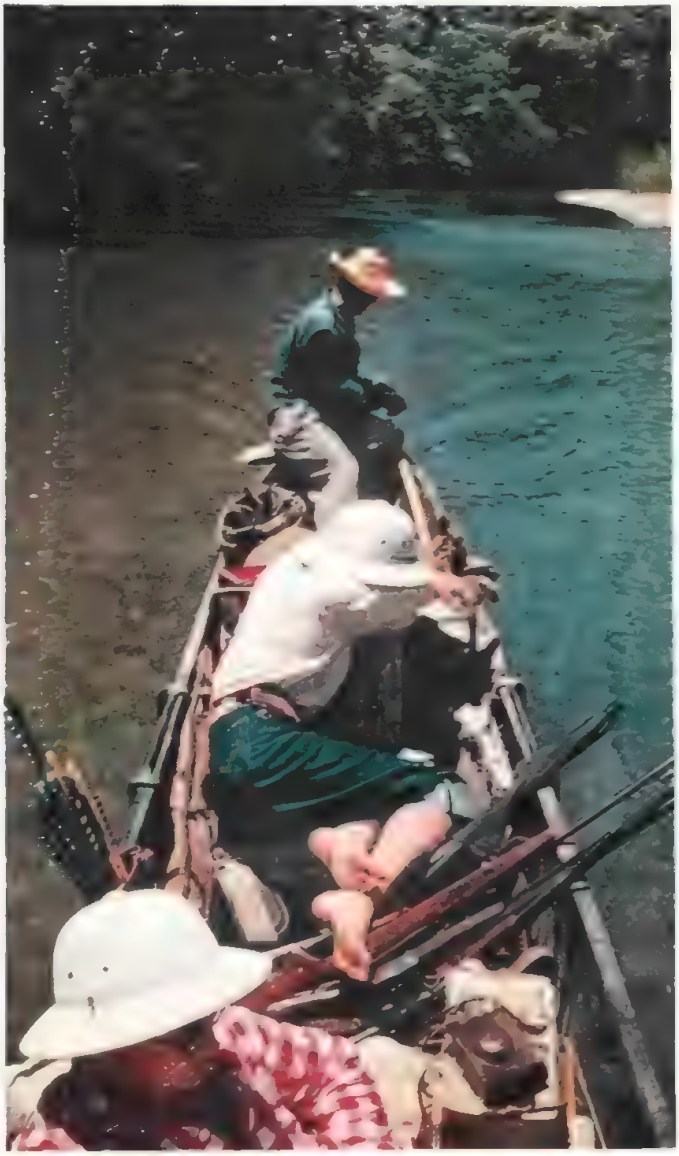
A great river flows through the Isthmus, springing from the mountains of Chimalapa on the Pacific Coast, and winding like a giant serpent to the Gulf of Mexico on the east. The Coatzacoalcos, which indeed means the sanctuary of the serpent in



Photographs by Walt Wiggins

EMERGING FROM JUNGLE, Guide Floyd Cranfill (*left*), Bob Grimm and author begin descent down steep bank of Coatzacoalcos River to waiting canoe.

JOURNEYING UPRIVER in dugout canoe crowded with firearms and equipment for the hunt, author and husband take time out for napping and reading.



by VIRGINIA KRAFT

the language of the Nahuatlan Indians, forms the only access to the rain forests of Tehuantepec. It is a hostile, and mainly uncharted, river. Rapids course over rock-studded shoals, crocodiles linger in brush-shrouded eddies and from the banks a massive wall of growth rises skyward to block out the sun.

On a spring day, when mists rose steaming from the yellow water, my

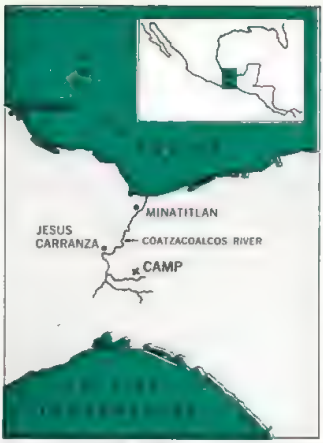
continued

husband Bob Grimm and I followed this river into the jungles of Tehuantepec. We wanted to explore as well as to hunt this wild and lonely part of Mexico. But from our first correspondence with Mexico City Outfitter Tex Purvis, who provided us with our guides and camp equipment, we knew that this was not to be a hunting safari in the ordinary sense.

The game which does exist in the rain forests of Tehuantepec is widely scattered and far less abundant than in central and northern Mexico. A sportsman must hunt long hours under primitive and indescribably difficult physical conditions even to find game, and when he does often the trophy is inferior to that he might encounter farther north. But the challenge of this kind of hunting is perhaps the most exciting—and exacting—left on the continent. It is the same kind of challenge which for centuries has lured adventurers into unmapped wildernesses and mountaineers to the tops of unclimbed peaks. For Bob and me the prospect of exploring Tehuantepec's wild and primitive jungles was far more intriguing than the game we might ultimately bag. In fact, as far as both of us were concerned, any trophy would really be a bonus at the end of a unique experience.

OUR crew—Purvis' guide Floyd Cranfill, his assistant, 17-year-old George Johansen, and a handful of natives—met us at the airport in Minatitlán, 325 miles south of Mexico City. From Minatitlán we headed inland by truck to Jesús Carranza (*see map*), the last town of any size on the Coatzacoalcos. Here we were to pick up our dugout canoes for the river journey and, we hoped, locate a few more natives for our "staff." This was a greater problem than we anticipated. Most of the natives, it seemed, were afraid to join our expedition when they heard we were headed for the interior of Tehuantepec. According to Indian legend, this area is ruled by a jaguar god who does not welcome intruders.

Assisted by a handful of American dollars, however, we finally persuaded four of the natives (including a cook) to join us, purchased additional provisions and loaded the canoes with gear, tents, guns, ammunition, four bedraggled-looking hounds and several bottles of Mexican gin, rum and brandy, which we bought locally for 35¢, 59¢ and 80¢ per bottle respectively. A gathering of smiling, waving Indians shouted in chorus as we pushed the canoes from shore. The long journey up the Coatzacoalcos at last had begun.



SERPENT RIVER coils through roadless jungle of Tehuantepec to Gulf of Mexico.

On the banks of the big river, low marshes turned to steep, tree-covered inclines. The heady scent of tropical vegetation hung heavy in the air. Everywhere fertility was rampant. Green sprouted from black oily soil, on branches and bushes. In the scattered villages along the shore, bare-breasted women heavy with child washed naked toddlers in the water. Nearby, swollen mares grazed along the banks. Brilliantly colored birds sat on nests, and a pregnant monkey watched us from a tree.

We felt immediately, too, the wild loneliness of this land. Back home—in New York, Chicago or San Francisco—it is impossible to imagine how far away from civilization a hundred miles can be. Jungle distance is measured in days, and seasons by the rise and fall of the river. Life, too, is measured in seasons.

It was evening when the shadowy outlines of the last huts on the big river loomed above us in the darkness. The banks were steep now and scraped smooth by centuries of tides. Crude footholds led upward to half a dozen thatched huts. Before them, surrounded by skinny pigs and an aging ox, the village populace watched our approach in fascination. Strangers rarely travel this far upriver.

A small, wiry Indian separated himself from the others and climbed down the bank to our canoes. Soon the men of the village followed, and behind them, more hesitantly, came several little boys. While Floyd spoke with the Indian who seemed the leader, the children crept closer to Bob and me, their curiosity about our guns and cameras overriding their initial suspicion. In high-school Spanish I asked the closest little boy his name. The question sent all of the children scurrying from us in terror. Only then did I remember that women, here as in many Mexican-Indian communities, are separated socially from men. The children were unprepared for a woman's voice in this masculine caravan.

ON the second day, with four more Indians we had picked up at this village, we left the main Coatzacoalcos and followed an uncharted branch of the river. On a sandspit left by last year's floods we pitched permanent camp, moored the dugouts and built pits in which to cook.

We had brought vast quantities of bottled soda with us—our most valued provision in the tropic heat—cans of staples and a large bag of black beans. We were dependent upon the jungle to yield meat and fowl. Fish could be gathered from the river by dropping crude dynamite grenades into the water, then swimming frantically against the current to retrieve the stunned fish on the surface. From the trees we shot iguanas, grotesque survivors of a prehistoric age, and quartered the bland-tasting, white lizard meat into stews.

From this sand-bar camp, home and headquarters for the next 10 days, we now began to explore the utterly wild and trackless area which surrounded us. This was a hilly jungle, its slopes crowded with mangoes, zapotes, banana trees and giant mahoganies. Fifty yards from the river, even at noon, only a dim evening glow filtered through the tangled growth and across the narrow vine-covered valleys.

On our first trip we realized how implacable an opponent the jungle could be. Travel through this kind of vegetation was slow and discouraging. In single file we struggled up and down the endless miles of virgin bush, looking for signs of deer, javelina or

continued

◀ **PATIENT HUNT** for jaguar, the jungle's prize, was continuous but always in vain.

cat. The hounds we had brought with us were practically useless for much of the hunting. We could neither maintain their pace nor keep track of their whereabouts in the dense growth. And every bush seemed covered with thorns, which ripped at our clothing and skin, ensnared our packs and made each step a major effort.

ONE afternoon we tried using the dogs to flush game on a small island upstream from our camp. Stationing ourselves on three sides of the island, we waited expectantly while a native started the dogs off from the fourth. They were on scent almost immediately. As they set up a cry, I could hear what sounded like a very large animal thundering through the growth directly toward me. It was trampling down small trees and bushes with a giant's fury.

I raised my gun and waited, my heart pounding. Abruptly, the animal changed course. With a howl, the dogs broke into the clearing where I stood, realized their error too late and disappeared again into the bushes. From the right I heard a shot, then another. There was a pause, and then a third, much louder shot.

I raced through the bushes toward the sound of the shooting. Floyd came running from his position. In a small clearing we found Bob, standing next to about 500 pounds of rhinoceroslike animal, an uncertain expression on his face.

"I don't know what it is," he mumbled, "but whatever it is, it came out of the bushes right at me. My first two shots didn't even slow it up."

Floyd laughed. "It's a tapir," he said, "and I bet it was a lot more surprised than you. You seem to have done all right with that last shot though."

"Both of them," Bob said with embarrassment. "I guess in the excitement I forgot to push off the safety after reloading. By the time I realized why the gun hadn't gone off, this thing was practically on top of me. I just pulled both triggers and prayed."

Each adventure, like this, was different and unpredictable. With each we discovered still another facet of the vast, wild country around us. In the days that followed, the exhaustion we had suffered upon our first hunts was gradually forgotten as the jungle enchanted us with its particular magic. We found ourselves eager to reach the next hill, to explore the next valley. Every stream held the promise of excitement and of the unexpected on the other side. Forays from camp stretched into 16- and 20-hour expeditions in which we walked 10 and 12 miles without complaint. Sleep became a necessary but unwelcome interruption.

The land around us was populated with deer, javelina, ocelot and multitudes of game birds. But the prize we wanted most and worked the hardest for was jaguar, the big cat. The very sense of hunting him, especially at night, produced our most exciting moments.

At times we stalked him through the hot, dark bush; at other times we tried unsuccessfully to track him with dogs. Sometimes we crouched long hours in a tree blind, hoping to lure him to us with an animal call, but most often we drifted in the dark of night along the river's watery edge where cats came to drink.

Hunting with head lamps at night is customary in much of Mexico. In dense jungle such as this it is probably the most feasible method but, as in all hunting, luck plays a major role. On several occasions we found tracks at the river's edge made moments before we arrived. Once we found a kill, still warm, but again we were too late.

One evening, with only young George and a native to pole the canoe, I went after the jaguar on my own. Huddled in the bottom of the boat, George and I played our head lamps along the shore, looking for the glow of eyes in the dark. Suddenly, in the yellow circle of light, twin flares flickered like rubies on a jeweler's black velvet. They had to be cat's eyes. I pointed my gun into the darkness just beneath the eyes and fired. There was an angry snarl, the sound of thrashing bushes and then a splash as a heavy body hit the water. In the beam of my light an animal struggled to regain the bank, a dark circle spilling around it in the water.

Even at a distance, I could see it was not a jaguar. It looked more like an overstuffed skunk.

"*Tepezcuintle*," George said. "Not very good to eat but it's better than fish."

This was the closest I came to meeting the big cat of the jungle. Nor did I encounter the awesome serpents of the Coatzacoalcos, which intrigued the natives almost as much as their jaguar god. Like any tropical region, this part of the Tehuantepec jungle had its share of reptiles, many of them poisonous, but, as in most snake country, the greatest part of its danger existed in our imaginations. Mine usually worked overtime, especially on certain occasions.

DRIP-AND-DRY LAUNDRY IN THE COATZACOALCOS WAS

As the only woman in an all-male, plumbingless camp, I had to make some trips into the jungle alone. At night these really scared me. I would postpone the trip as long as possible, then tiptoe gingerly from camp, suspicious of every bush and tree, with a flashlight in one hand and Floyd's .38 in the other. I don't know why I carried the .38, because I couldn't have hit a fer-de-lance at five paces with it, but it made me feel better.

Only young George was sympathetic. And he decided to do something about it. One day he led me a short distance up the 70° incline of jungle wall behind camp and with the pride of an artist showed me a

strange looking tence of saplings and elephant leaves which he had built while we were out hunting.

"Mademoiselle," he said with a flourish, "your 'YC.' "

"My what?" I asked in dismay.

"Your YC. You know, ladies' room. Now you won't have to go into the jungle alone any more."

It was a touching gift, and for a moment I thought my problem was really solved. But, unfortunately, George had made a small error. His other hand, never suffered. This is surprising, because the "cook" we'd enlisted in Jesús Carranza—references unknown—must unquestionably have had another very different profession before joining us. He seemed dedicated to mutilating everything he touched.

Even so, it was pretty difficult to spoil the taste of *faisán real*, a huge, native pheasant which nests in the trees, or the delicate flavor of *temazate*, the small jungle deer which

habit this area. Primarily we hunted this game for food. For sport, we found javelina more difficult and more exciting to track.

One particular hunt stands out in memory. It was our last day in the jungle and we had decided to make it a fairly quiet one when the hounds raised a pack of javelina not far from camp. As always, the job of keeping up with them was practically impossible. The trail led out of a valley and started upward, brush growing heavier as we climbed. In the distance, the low-pitched wail of the dogs told us that the trail was still hot, but that the pigs were moving fast. The natives swung their machetes in short, rapid strokes, slashing down vines and branches as they worked to clear a crude trail for us to follow through the dense growth.

Then far ahead of us we heard the hounds break into full bellow. They had the javelinas in sight at last. As if on signal, the natives stopped chopping and darted toward the sound of the commotion.

Before I could realize what was happening, I was completely alone. In every direction the jungle loomed forbiddingly above me in a solid wall of green.

There is a time in fear when suddenly all sound stops. My breathing, it seemed, stopped too. In the jungle heat I was cold, and I think I was as close to experiencing real panic as I have ever come.

Then the silence was broken by a distant bark. Birds began to sing again. Insects chirped. Twigs fell from trees and somewhere on my left I heard the sound of trickling water. The moment of terror was over. Imitating the crouched movement of the natives, I started through the tangled vines and trees toward the dogs. In a few minutes I came upon Bob, picking his way through a dark thicket. I'd probably been within shouting distance of him all along. Together we caught up to Floyd and the natives.

The pigs were circling, with the dogs close behind. Over the din of barking, we could hear them racing toward us through the low bush. Not more than 10 feet away a channel of foliage began to quiver, as first one and then another animal tore through it. We held our fire. There was no way of telling whether the movement was dog or pig. Floyd signaled us to get up on a log in case the pigs broke out in our direction. Although javelina in this area rarely go over 50 pounds, they can still be dangerous to a hunter on foot, particularly when they are being chased in a pack through heavy bush. Their sharp tusks can slash through a boot or trouser leg as cleanly as a fine-honed razor.

As the noise of the chase died off, Bob scrambled to a better position, hoping the javelina would circle again. This time they were being chased toward a clearing directly in front of us. Again the noise grew loud, and over it Floyd shouted, "Watch your feet!" Bob fired as a streak of brown flashed across the clearing. The animal faltered, then dropped with a grunt at the edge of the bush. In an instant the dogs were on top of it, the other pigs forgotten in the excitement.

The javelina hunt was over, and with it our jungle adventure. We broke camp the next morning and began the trip down river and back to civilization. The safari had been a hard one, made more so by the primitive conditions under which we had camped. The hunting itself had been as rugged as any we had ever done, and we considered ourselves well rewarded with the trophies we had. We regretted the lack of only one—the jaguar. That wild and elusive cat still haunts our memories of the magnificent wilderness along the Coatzacoalcos, and if someday we should ever go back again, it will be because the jaguar, the native's god of the serpent river, is still its most challenging prize. END

A PRIMITIVE BUT ENJOYABLE WAY OF BEATING THE HEAT

structure was perched directly over a nest of bees.

Besides this brief encounter with bees, mosquitoes and gnats gave us the most trouble. Not only were their appetites insatiable but they actually seemed to enjoy our insect repellent. In desperation Bob tried a rubdown with some of our 35¢ Mexican gin (it had a taste, we thought, which should repel any living thing), and to our amazement we discovered that indeed it did—the mosquitoes didn't like it any better than we! Although we wound up smelling like Martinis, from that point on we were rarely bothered by insects. And we never missed the Mexican gin.

ACTUALLY, we found that the jungle heat, which sometimes reached 120°, took away most of our taste for liquor. Our appetites, on the

ANTONIO ORDONEZ, carrying the muleta and the sword in his left hand and conducting himself with the dignity of a *torero de época*, hits his *montera* to the *presidente* in the ritual request for permission to kill the bull that precedes the *faena*.

HAIL

The first matador since Manolete to establish a clear claim to lasting greatness is a 26-year-old Spaniard named Antonio Ordóñez

by KENNETH TYNAN

AT THE HEART of the bullfighting world, and at the height of every bullfighter's aspiration, there is a sort of pantheon, an inner sanctum reserved for the few who have earned the title of *torero de época*—matadors, that is to say, with whose names a whole epoch will be associated.

Within living memory, not more than five new names have crept on to this golden list: Joselito and Belmonte, in the great days of their rivalry; Domingo Ortega, the master of the '30s; Carlos Arruza, the Mexican all-rounder; and, of course, Manolete, who died 12 years ago on the right horn of a Miura bull. The tally is short, and you cannot buy your way on to it. Several matadors in the past decade have commanded prices as high as Manolete's but it takes more than that to satisfy the inner circle of aficionados, those obsessed taurine purists who follow the bulls all summer long, often to the despair of their families, sometimes to the ruin of their businesses. Nor is valor, however insensate, enough; nor, by themselves, are grace, technique and dominating power. The *torero de época* must have all these, working consonantly together. He must also endure. A couple of dazzling seasons, followed by prudent retirement, are not enough for an epoch maker. Finally, and least definably, his style must be personal; immutable without being eccentric.

Photographs by the author and Peter Buckley

A TORERO DE EPOCA!

In the years immediately after Manolete's death there were many who thought that Luis Miguel Dominguín might qualify; and, certainly, no one alive knows more about the handling of fighting bulls than this tall, contemptuously handsome Castilian. But with his knowledge there went an academic coldness and a style that was a rubber stamp rather than a signature. Something was missing: and Luis Miguel, the self-proclaimed *Número Uno*, did not help matters by taking a long holiday after officials decided to enforce the old taurine code which barred clipping and blunting bulls' horns, a repulsive modern safety measure that had become prevalent. Last summer, gambling a fortune on publicity, he made a full-fledged comeback. And very impressive it was: there were afternoons of textbook classicism. It was also too late. For *last summer the word had gone round.* The drums of the *afición*, not only in Spain but wherever bull fever rages, were all beating in unison for the first time in 11 years. They were beating not for Luis Miguel but for a young Andalusian named Antonio Ordóñez, who revealed himself, during the Spanish season of 1958, as the first undisputed *torero de época* since the death of Manolete.

The revelation was no overnight affair. Ordóñez was then 26 and had been fighting bulls in public for a decade. Ever since his debut as a *novillero* he had been recognized as a suave and infinitely dexterous performer, possessed of a buoyant, chivalric quality that made one think of giant-killing Jacks and boys on burning decks. He had, almost in excess, the attribute known as *garbo*, which an English enthusiast once defined to me as "a lithe, devil-may-care grace that hits the nail on the head, really and happily, with no more than the precisely appropriate eye-filling flourish." But among the critics there had been qualms. Antonio was prone to fits of apathy; his killing was more often feeble and erratic than solid and foursquare. In 1953, to top everything, he got married, and wives, who like their husbands whole, are notoriously bad partners for bullfighters. Yet last year he summoned up all his powers, the skills we thought he had forgotten, as well as those he seemed never to have learned, and became the best. Apathy was banished: he fought every bull that faced him as intently as if he were proving himself for the first time before an omniscient audience. "I wanted this season," he said to me last October, "to be something special." In 1958 he confirmed the opinion of Ernest Hemingway, his friend and admirer, who thinks him the *greatest bullfighter he has ever seen.*

His links with Hemingway go deeper than this. In 1926 Hemingway wrote *The Sun Also Rises*, a central character of which is a seductive matador called Pedro Romero. The name was lifted from a great seminal figure of tauromachy, born in Ronda two centuries ago, but the character was based on Cayetano Ordóñez, nicknamed Niño de la Palma, a popular bullfighter of the '20s whom Hemingway knew well. He, too, was born in Ronda, and he is the father of Antonio. Between father and son there are differences and similarities which we must study if we are to comprehend them. Both, of course, were fearless, but that in itself means nothing. It simply implies a lack of imagination, an inability to envisage the consequences of a slashed femoral artery or a punctured lung. In this sense all good bullfighters are fearless: their minds do not form images of the possible and terrible future. Conventionally, they all say they feel fear, but what they mean by the word is not what I mean. I once heard a girl tell Antonio that she had seen him receive a goring that put him in a hospital for a month. Quite conversationally, he replied: "Didn't it seem to you a pretty thing?" *Una cosa bonita:* yet if the wound had been a few centimeters deeper he might have died.

It is not courage that makes Antonio unique, but gentleness. This may seem a paradox, applied to a man who last year stabbed about a hundred and fifty bulls to death. Yet he kills with kindness; and he plays his bulls with a generosity that makes them colleagues, not enemies. Every pass announces, as Orson Welles once said of Antonio, "not what *I am*, but what *we are*." Alone among star *toreros*, he eschews arrogance. He never

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

With the publication of *Bull Fever* in 1955, Kenneth Tynan, already famous in England as a drama critic, attained international distinction as an authority and brilliant commentator on the bullfight and bullfighters. The accompanying article is the considered result of his most recent visit to Spain, made shortly before he came to the U.S. to accept the post of drama critic for *The New Yorker* magazine.

barnstorms, squabbles with the crowd or resorts to phony melodrama. His fighting is calm and contained, its rhythm as casual as that of a bop drummer dusting his cymbals. He is the opposite of what a non-Spanish audience expects a *torero* to be. Involved as he is in a career which kills men, horses and bulls, he pursues it temperately, with a modest smile. He is of middle height, with elegant shoulders tapering down to light, poised feet; one notices a slight stoop and knees that tend just perceptibly to knock. The face is boyish and considerate, with amused, caressing eyes. Any woman would expect him to invite her to dance. No bull would. Yet he invites both, and both accept the invitation.

Outside the ring he has no hobbies. He owns a Rolls-Royce and a Mercedes and enjoys driving them, sometimes very dangerously indeed, but he is bored by the usual matador's pastimes—riding, shooting and cockfighting. Disillusioningly, his pet spectator sport is soccer, and one of his ambitions is to see the Bilbao Athletic play in Britain. By Spanish standards he is very rich: he has a nine-room apartment in a smart quarter of Madrid and a 1,000-acre ranch in Andalusia. Meeting him, in fact, for the first time, you would not guess that he had ever had to earn money in his life—you would take him for the slightly pampered son of rich parents. Yet he has been earning since adolescence, and in the hardest possible way. The effort has left plenty of scars on his body, but none on his mind, which is a simple book readily opened.

His father once had the same charm and sweetness, though to see him today you would hardly guess it. Surviving on a small pension paid by Antonio, he is a ravaged and depleted veteran who looks much older than his 55 years. He first fought in 1921, and a year later the great critic Corrochano consecrated him with the phrase: "*Es de Ronda y se llama Cayetano*" "He comes from Ronda and his name is Cayetano" Both place and name have a special resonance in the world of bulls. Ronda, a hilltop city built astride a gorge 500 feet deep, was the birthplace of the Romero dynasty of bullfighters which flourished two centuries ago and changed the *corrida* from an aristocratic, equestrian sport into a popular art practiced on foot. The name Cayetano has equally imposing overtones: it recalls Cayetano Sanz, perhaps the greatest bullfighter of the middle 19th century.

FOR a while the young Cayetano lived up to Corrochano's tribute. In 1925 he was the rage of the peninsula, a prodigy of grace and freshness; nobody could resist him, women and critics alike, and many good judges predicted that he would revitalize the *fiesta brava*. But before long he was brutally gored, and a decline set in. It became precipitate, by what is probably no coincidence, soon after his marriage, in the summer of 1927, to a handsome Andalusian gypsy—the women, as the taurine proverb says, inflict more gorings than the bulls. For whatever reason, his courage dwindled, though he went on fighting until the civil war. The less he earned, the more he spent. He went to the Americas, where he fought himself still further into debt and erotic adventure. By 1932 he had two sons, Cayetano and Juan, and very little money. That was his worst year; he fought only a dozen times. It was the year in which Antonio was born.

For some curious genetic reason, a matador's third son often grows up to outshine his father. Luis Miguel and Antonio Bienvenida are other examples of this. Antonio Ordóñez, with a globe-trotting spendthrift for a father, had strict and obvious reasons for wishing to improve on the paternal example. Both his elder brothers became *toreros*, neither with much success. Juan now serves in Antonio's squad of assistants. Of his younger brothers, Pepe made a showy Madrid debut but has since, as Antonio says, "lost heart for the bulls"; and Alfonso, a bulky red-faced boy, embarked last year on an exceptionally unpromising career as *novillero*. None of them is in Antonio's class. He himself would blithely admit this, but he would probably attribute it to the fact that he, alone of the five sons of Cayetano, was born in Ronda. Not that he thinks himself a product of the so-called Ronda school, which is popularly supposed to represent grave simplicity as opposed to the baroque flourishes of the Sevillian school. A famous critic once said of Antonio that his cape came from Seville and his muleta from Ronda. I asked him last year if he agreed. He shrugged and smiled. "My cape is my own," he said, "and my muleta is my own. They come from myself."

He left school at 11 to prepare himself for a career as a *torero*, and in his first two seasons displayed a serene, instinctive classicism that at once entranced the purists, though he was overshadowed in publicity by Aparicio and Litri, two pyrotechnical *novilleros* who had the luck to be handled by Manolete's former manager, the wily and immensely powerful Camará. If anything, top agents control bullfighting even more effectively than they control Hollywood, and Camará saw to it that Antonio was discreetly kept out of the limelight. In Madrid, on May 21, 1951, he fought what he now remembers as the most crucial fight of his life. He had doubted his ability to graduate to the bigger bulls a full matador must fight, but that day he triumphed, before the harshest eyes in Spain, and two months later he took the *alternativa*.

A TURNING POINT in Ordóñez' career came at Mexico City in December 1956 when he killed the brave bull Cascabel after a *faena* that brought memories of Manolete.

ORDONEZ IN ACTION displays impeccable form as he plants his feet firmly and draws the bull past him with an *ayudado por alto* (an "aided pass") to the left.

For three years thereafter he sped across the high plateau of success. He and Luis Miguel (whose father was now Antonio's manager) traveled, fought and reveled together; though there were times, especially when Antonio had scored a success, when one caught on Luis Miguel's face a frozen, ambiguous look, as if he saw that a palace revolution was in progress and that his protégé was trying on the crown for size. For Antonio, as for all *toreros*, there were interludes of disaster: and Spanish crowds enjoy magnifying them, since a bull ring is about the only place in Spain where people can assemble in public and scream with rage without being arrested. Antonio's worst afternoon was in 1952 at Manizales in Colombia, where he heard not just three warning trumpets (after which the bull must by regulation be taken out of the ring alive) but five, a disgrace probably unique in taurine history. "It was my bull," he says, "and I wanted to kill it." Eventually, he did.

I saw him often in those early years —fluent in Pamplona, commanding in Madrid and managing, during an electric storm at Valencia, to fill the plaza with the creative pleasure he felt while handling a good bull. You saw him polishing his passes as a jeweler polishes his stones; lightness of heart and seriousness of purpose went hand in hand. He was, above all, copious: nobody had a longer repertoire, and nobody used it with greater freedom. For Antonio the bullfight was not a tragic conflict, it was a lyrical partnership. There were days, of course, when he seemed lazy and disaffected, but these are inevitable when you are fighting 70 times or more in an eight-month season, and I ascribed them at the time to his gypsy parentage. It was not until the end of 1953 that I began to suspect analogies between Antonio and his ruined father.

He married María del Carmen, the pretty dark-haired sister of Luis Miguel, and then, like his father, went into temporary retirement. On his return he looked listless and discomfited. His afternoons of glory were few, and at too many *corridas* he would exert himself only on one bull and, as actors say, "walk through" the others. Before he could recover himself, military service kept him out of the ring for most of 1955. And no sooner did he come back to the bulls, in the spring of 1956, than he received a near-mortal goring. That summer almost everyone gave him up, except his blindest fans, who couldn't bear to, and his relations, who couldn't afford to. True, he was earning something like $6,000 a fight; but out of that he was supporting his parents, four brothers, a sister, a wife and two baby daughters, Carmen and Ana. Not to mention a cut to his manager, a cut to his squadron of *peones* and a cut to the critics. One of Antonio's closest friends has estimated that it costs him around $800 in free seats and critical insurance every time he appears. He had, moreover, started the 1956 season flat broke after his long absence, and several old friends had suddenly turned obstinate about repaying debts.

Just when the new—or perhaps the real—Antonio emerged is hard to say. Late in 1956 he went to Mexico to earn some dollars (*"mi Washingtones,"* he calls them), and in December word came of a triumph at Mexico City with a bull named Cascabel, one of the half dozen finest displays, it was said, ever seen in the capital. Back in Spain next season, he grew in stature as the months passed. He had learned to kill and to care about killing and even adopted the ancient, perilous custom of killing *recibiendo*

continued

—*i.e.*, not plunging at the bull but receiving the bull's charge on his sword. *From time to time he would put in* his own *banderillas*, which most Spanish matadors leave to their assistants. At the end of the year all the parts fitted. Antonio was a complete *torero. He had survived the sad time, the* period of dusk and disillusion that spurs nine out of 10 young matadors into retirement. But the end of 1957, for Antonio, proved to be no more than a *foretaste of the splendors of* 1958.

It was during the spring that the first rumors filtered through to me: unheard-of things were happening in Spain. *My instinct told me to be* wary, having been caught that way before; but the English *afición*, a devout and relentless handful, kept nagging at me to check on their ecstasies; and I went last August, to the bull fair at Málaga—which is now, by the way, the brightest spot on the Spanish taurine calendar. Antonio fought on five days and cut from his 10 bulls trophies amounting to 12 ears, three tails and a hoof. It was a sustained demonstration of the values that distinguish bullfighting from butchery. Moreover, I saw to my amazement that Antonio was taking pains over difficult, hesitant, conceivably mad bulls which in the past he would have lined up and killed without caring. Now he was the patient instructor, teaching them to charge at his will and to make around him the whorl-like patterns that he wanted. His five fights at Málaga came toward the end of a 20-day period during which he was contracted for 20 *corridas* across the length and breadth of Spain. His best day at Málaga, and the best bullfight I have ever seen, was the last.

The bulls were of Pablo Romero, an old Sevillian breed renowned for their size and nobility. Antonio was fighting alongside Gregorio Sánchez, a rugged, graceless executioner of notable valor, and Curro Girón, the cocky young gymnast from Venezuela. Angelically poised in fighting his first bull, Antonio cut the expected two ears. Sánchez tried hard, exposing himself in the self-castrating style that nowadays passes for bullfighting, and cut one ear. Little Girón, unable to adapt his frisky athletics to the serious demands of a Pablo Romero, cut nothing. It was the fourth bull, and Antonio's collaboration with it, that belonged to the anthologies.

MOMENT OF GLORY occurred in Málaga last summer when Ordóñez presented one of most sensational *faenas* ever seen there. Here he lines up bull, extends cloth and draws him through in a natural pass. Perfect kill came a few minutes later (*opposite*).

A newcomer, seeing this as his first bullfight, might well have been bewildered and even disappointed. Where were the frills and the flourishes he had been led to expect? Where were the gestures of arrogance, the tragically haunted eyes, the crowd screaming with fright? For Antonio gave nothing of these. Earlier in the week, with less ponderous, high-speed bulls, he had shown us the full spectacular repertoire, more than once falling to his knees and taking the first charge with a cape brandished over his head. But with this bull, older and soberer than most, older and soberer methods were required, bedrock bullfighting, in fact. Our newcomer would have seen nothing more melodramatic than a pleasant-looking young man walking lightly and firmly toward a bull, regarding it not with fury but with attentive sympathy, and then—of all dull things—making it pass him in what appeared to be slow motion. But this, I am afraid, is the very core of bullfighting, and it is not at all hair-raising to watch. The object is not to make you cry out, clutch your neighbor, avert your eyes. The object is not you at all, but the bull; and the method is to stand still, provoke the charge and control, with your wrists, both its route and its velocity; and thereafter, still motionless, to arrange and vary these passes in series, some high, others low, some with the right hand, others with the left, until the bull's full quality has been revealed and it is time for the kill.

All this Antonio unassertively did. Even his detractors concede him peerless with the cape; and the eight *verónicas* with which he greeted the Pablo Romero were the finest I remember. Poised with his legs slightly apart, leaning pensively over the bull as he ushered it past him, he seemed almost abstracted, yet when he had finished the animal was hypnotized. His repose was majestic. When the horses had gone and the *banderillas* were in, he went out with the red cloth and the sword wearing the breathless half-smile that with him always presages a triumph. A few slow, testing passes, with one knee on the ground; then upright, with sword and cloth extended, while the bull charged and recharged beneath. Then circles of low, flowing passes with the right hand, the horns slicing close yet conveying, such was Antonio's security, no sense of panic. And then the slow advance with the left hand creeping forward, inciting those profound and lethargic *naturales* of his, each linked with the next, no gaps in the sequence, no flaws in the rhythm, the whole pattern mature and punctuated, now and then, with swooping breast passes to release the tension. He did nothing that was not strictly traditional, and nothing that was not flavored with his own gentleness.

At last, in the center of the ring, he sighted along his sword and went in smoothly and squarely above the horns. Stepping back, he raised his hand in the gesture bullfighters use when they know their thrust is mortal. The bull, completing the tableau, rolled over at his feet and died. The ring was a snowstorm of waved handkerchiefs: ears, tail and hoof must be cut for Antonio and the bull dragged round the circle to be cheered. As it passed him, hauled by the horses, he stretched out a hand toward it, indicating that the credit belonged there and not with him. Signaling for the team to stop, he knelt and gave the bull back its ears, which he tried to place in its mouth. As he acknowledged the applause and the tears I glanced at Sánchez and Girón, who had watched the performance transfixed. Both knew, as we all did, that they had seen the thing itself, the pure and perfect bullfight. And both had to prove to us that they, too, were maestros. The last two bulls were tricky, and neither matador shone; whereupon it was announced that each had decided to buy an extra bull, at a personal cost of about $900 apiece. I have never known this to happen before, and it took Antonio to provoke it. His emulous colleagues both sweated over their encores and cut ears and tails, but the awards were in the nature of consolation prizes. "Very brave," said the man next to me, applauding, "but there is a difference. Antonio is the difference."

Next day he was at the other end of Spain, fighting at San Sebastian in the north and cutting ears in both his bulls. Writing of his performance with the second, a perilous hooker, one critic went so far beyond giving value for money that I suspect he must have been sincere: "On Tuesday, Antonio Ordóñez taught us at length how bulls should be fought, and demonstrated once more that he is one of the greatest artists the bullfight has given us across the centuries. Mastery and art, temperament and perfect outline, authenticity of spirit plus an exquisite sense of form: the truth, in fact." During this display an eery, unwonted silence settled on the crowd, as if an experience so rarefied would have been shattered by a rude explosion of *olés*. After one series of passes a man stood up on the shady side and made a simple statement which echoed, such was the hush, around the ring. "What *torero* was ever better?" he said. "You are the best." The next day, in the same plaza, Antonio cut three more ears. His third fight in San Sebastian began with a problematical, wandering bull which he handled correctly but without appealing to the nonexpert majority. He dedicated his second

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MOMENT OF TRUTH was reached at Málaga when Ordóñez made a single, perfect sword thrust to kill Pablo Romero's bull. He steps back, top, and lifts his hand in traditional salute which indicates matador's confidence that the thrust was fatal.

bull to ex-Queen Soraya and gave it a regal *faena*, which was approaching its end when, turning prematurely after a series of left-hand passes, he took a great stab with the horn in his left thigh. The impact punted him yards across the sand. Fighting off the peones who scurried in to carry him out of the ring, he returned to the bull, with blood streaming down to his ankle, and gave it four more imperturbable passes, followed by the sword. He waited for the death and even then refused to surrender to his injury. A ceremony had to be completed. The ear was cut: he took it, bowed to Soraya, and fainted. He was carried, as an observer wrote next day, "not just to the infirmary, but a few meters closer to the pinnacle of bullfighting."

Juanito Quintana, a wrinkled little man who resembles a shelled tortoise, is a close friend of Ernest Hemingway and one of the most respected aficionados alive. In 1958 he came to the conclusion that Ordóñez was the best *torero* since Joselito, who was killed in the ring 39 years ago. Being a perfectionist, he naturally has reservations. Sometimes, he says, he finds in Antonio *una falta de genio*, which means literally "a lack of temper" and by extension a tendency to relax the bullfight too much and deprive it of its sense of struggle. This, as Juanito admits, is the price we have to pay for Antonio's encyclopaedic knowledge of bulls. There are other shortcomings. Like most star matadors, Antonio avoids the huge and alarming Miura bulls like the plague. Four years ago one of the breed narrowly failed to kill him, and since that day he has faced them only once—in Seville where he was so bad that bottles were hurled through the windows of his car as he left the bull ring. There is still room for improvement. There is also plenty of time, for Antonio has no intention of retiring until he has convinced every dissenter. "Is Luis Miguel still *Número Uno*?" I asked him last year. "He says so," said Antonio, speaking without irony but also without very much conviction. He knows the true order of precedence. Before long he will have to prove it, unequivocally, by passing the final test. This is to fight six bulls singlehanded in the Madrid arena, a feat of stamina and concentration which ultimately decides a matador's range, class and place in history. It has been attempted only half a dozen times in the last 20 years. Luis Miguel tried it, with gray results, in 1948. It should be Antonio's next and most vital hurdle.

SYMBOLS OF TRIUMPH, BULL'S TAIL AND HOOF, ARE SHOWN TO CROWD BY ORDÓÑEZ

Most children, at least in Europe, are brought up on stories of individual valor. In most of them the hero, a knight or warrior, has a sword; often it is a sword of magical properties, and it may have a name, such as Excalibur. It is part of the appeal of the bull ring that it is the only place on earth today where you can pay to see a sword being used for the purpose for which it was invented. Yet, oddly enough, the fight with which Ordóñez crowned his career was one in which *he used no sword at all. Every year* in September, to celebrate the wine harvest, six breeders send six handpicked bulls to the traditional *corrida* held in Jerez de la Frontera, in the heart of the bull country. Antonio's, last year, was a black beast bred by Benitez-Cubero and named Compuesto. Already, when his capework was done, he suspected that this was a *toro de bandera*, a bull for which flags should be waved; and its tremendous assault on the horses convinced him. After one pair of *banderillas* he asked for the punishment to cease. By now the public, too, had realized Compuesto's quality and begun to beseech the president of the ring to pardon his life.

With sword and muleta, Antonio began the last act of the fight. The crowd was in uproar, and at length *the president acquiesced. Three blasts* of the trumpet declared that the indomitable, innocent bull had been granted a pardon. Smiling, Antonio threw away his sword and continued the fight undefended save by a stick and a yard of serge. Bull and man, both at the height of their powers, rose to each other. The *faena* was superb; "the most monumental," said one critic, "seen in Jerez since time immemorial." At the end of it, Ordóñez lined up the bull as if to kill *recibiendo*. The charge came and Antonio awaited it, leaning over the horns with uncalled-for courage and placing the palm of his hand on the spot, just behind the mound of neck muscle, where the sword would normally have entered. Compuesto then left the ring alive, to spend his remaining years in the luxurious harem that is the lot of the seed bull. The papers next day erupted in eulogy, for the bull as much as his partner. I found it somehow appropriate that Ordóñez, the good-tempered bullfighter, should have made history with a bull he did not have to kill. **END**

Tempest for a Teakettle on a Frozen Tarn

Curling in the traditional setting – where brithers are a' and competition is fierce

by NEIL M. GUNN

I SHOVED the precious parcel into a wide inside pocket—in the Highlands of Scotland we call it a poacher's pocket—and, thanking my host for his good wishes, proceeded on my way. The air was crisp, the frost would hold, and the game was the final for the Silver Kettle: a real kettle that would pour, supported by curlers' brooms, with a lid that was lifted by its curling-stone handle; an old piece of the silversmith's craft, fought for annually with skill, cunning and wild shouts. Perhaps I had been tempting Providence, in the local saying, by buying the parcel: but if I was taking a chance on that, I hoped it might be understood at the highest level that my concern was for tradition and not—or not altogether—for winning the kettle.

And traditions were slipping. Nowadays in this Highland glen, folk rolled up on four wheels to the ice on the small loch as if curling were a game almost like any other. But then in this same glen the celebration of a marriage had once upon a time lasted for a week. Now a couple could get married in an hour or two and off they went. Things were going that way.

With snow on the high tops and silver filigree on the birches, the glen looked well. Presently I saw the thick-walled tower of a clan chieftain's stronghold among its trees and on the aff hillside a wide scatter of cottages on their small farms or crofts. A few eyes would have scanned the western sky last night for the rosy opalescent haze whose austere silence sings: the ice will hold.

Not that ice, or music, worries any more the Royal Caledonian Curling Club when it issues its invitations to curlers abroad, for on the indoor rinks of a handful of Scottish towns ice is artificially made. Here international matches take place. When teams from the United States came over for the first time in 1952 to fight it out with the Scots they had a civic reception in every town before the game. This was not strategy, even if the States lost over-all, but evidence of that brotherhood in hospitality which is the traditional spirit of a game that has centuries behind it.

In other days brotherhood was taken for granted: ice was the difficulty. The nearest loch took four days of frost to get a skin thick enough for playing to be reasonably risked. At the end of the first day, the weather prophets got talking and gray beards wagged. At the end of the second, hope caught a fearful hold. After that a man consulted the sky and its mystery more frequently perhaps than at any other time. On the evening of the third day the fiery cross went round, games were

continued

TEN CLUES TO CURLING

To fully enjoy Neil Gunn's story it is going to be useful to know, if you do not, that in curling: a rink is the playing area and also the term applied to a team; the skip is the captain of a team, or No. 4; the tee is the mark on the rink for which the curlers aim and the house is the rings around it. A hog score is a line one-sixth of the rink's length from the tee, a hog any stone falling short of it (a hog is removed from the ice). To inwick is to gain a good position by bouncing your stone off another, to crack an egg on a stone is to touch another only very lightly, to lie is to lie nearest of all the stones to the tee. An end is when the four men on each team have thrown two stones apiece and are thus ready to go to the other end and throw them all back again.

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arranged, and a man made sure of the spot where his wife kept her best broom. Came the dawn and a first heavenly glance—to reveal gray skies about to weep upon. Her strange brood of children. The game was off.

But if the frost had held and the game was on, then a bird's eye would have seen men, eaving croft and stronghold, village and small country town, with a springing step that for a still earlier day would have betokened a gathering of the clan for battle. Now the slogan, or battle cry, would be the gorious toal of the stone aoug the ice, to the bottle also called button, or tee, the center of the house —ED.). A brotherly game, where the local poacher may be playing against the sheriff who was convicted, fam ol illegally removing deer or salm on from the territory of the chieftain or laird, now acting as the sheriff's skip. Once in this glen, a sheriff, who had summarily suspended his court of justice at the higher call of ice, had failed to cross the hog score, for in his anxiety to lay "a long guard" he had held his hand a trifle too much. It was a happy occasion for the poacher, who shouted to his skip, the minister of the Auld Kirk, "He's a hog!" and swept the sheriff's stone ignominiously off the rink. The sheriff smiled, too.

DEPENDABLE DONALD

I drew up as Donald and his broom came through the wire fence. Our rink was at a great disadvantage, for its skip had been laid low with flu, and I had been promoted from third to take his place. I asked Donald to play third. In an emergency, when all seems lost, Donald can be depended upon to send down a fast one that will keep its head up until, inwicking off an outsider, it scatters the central Amalekites beyond the outmost ring. So I said nothing of the parcel in my pocket, lest superstition cast its shadow on his keen and remorseless mood. He was smiling.

As we got out in the shadow of the pines, the ice man was busy laying out the rink, with one or two players helping him. Others were hauling their stones out of the small, wooden hut that served as club premises. Greetings were as bright and saltbes of wit as dry as the ice in its perfect Highland setting. Who could lose on a day like this? So all gave a hand in cleaning up the rink, using brooms in an expert way that would have

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

surprised a few wives. And the ice was tricky with, in particular, a couple of rough patches. A cat's-paw of wind, a shower of snow, can turn a freezing surface into more than a subsequent problem in dynamics and language for the curler who has to negotiate them, especially at a critical moment. How different is this passing surface from that of the outside, artificial frozen rink where the ice has been kept level and scrupulously clean.

When all is ready we have a "trial end." The two skips take up their position behind the T of the tee and call on their players. As the stones come up, falling short, rattling off or overshooting the house, the condition of the ice, both generally and in special spots, is gauged and appropriate comment made. For curling stones have their own differences of shape, weight and polish; and, indeed, each stone has a "keen" side and a "rough" to suit the nature of the ice. The players gather and the game is on.

UP FROM THE STONE AGE

This is the traditional game of curling as it is still played on open air rinks throughout Scotland, though artificially created shallow ponds here and there get earlier ice. Of course, the finely polished granite stones of today are very unlike the rough, lumps of whinstone with a hole for the thumb that roared up the ice of an earlier time. Shape or weight was no matter then. Records of the game go back for some 400 years in Scotland, but clearly a stone with a thumb hole goes back to the Stone Age.

I once saw a grizzled warrior out of the heather clap his hand to his hips after an exciting game with the bewildered air of one who has lost a fat wallet. He had merely forgotten his rheumatism. And even the skip who was opposed to me in the game for the Silver Kettle, and who contested his three score years and 10, did at one crucial point lean so far over to assist by sympathy the stone that looked like dying on him before it curled in to his mark that his sustained balance was a marvel to behold.

Not so very long ago the curling stones themselves were endowed with sex, as streams and trees by the ancient Greeks. His first stone a curler would address by name, it might be Sandy or Jock, and the second, Mary or Jean. Sandy would be sent down to clear away obstructions like guards, but Jean would be dispatched with

continued

were captured by two tiny 750cc Fiat-Abarth coupes, entered by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. in the final event of Marlboro Raceway's '58 season. Already credited with three Italian grand touring championships and SCCA Class I production car racing acceptance, this thorough-bred blending of Fiat reliability, Abarth performance and Zagato coachwork artistry offers enthusiasts a genuine competition car without the high prices, untractability and inflated maintenance charges attached to big-bore machinery. With twin bubble, all-aluminum body. Modest price, $3,640 p.o.e.

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cunning wile to lie where the skip wanted her. Rocks, ice, man and high heaven were of a piece, and if Jean didn't do just what was expected of her, she was told about it.

Within this higher concept of sisterhood and brotherhood, curling is not simply a thrilling game nor yet a wildly sober debauch. The poet who wrote of "something far more deeply interfused" comes nearer it. When an elderly man leaps sidewise on both feet at once, like an extinct variety of kangaroo, fiercely sweeping flecks of snow and crushed ice from Jean's hesitant advance, he may also be hoping to bend before her the very ice of the loch itself.

THE LUCK OF THE SCOTCH

It was neck and neck to the second to last end, where we were lying two shots as the opposing skip gripped the last handle. He played a beautiful shot that went through a narrow port to inwick off one stone, crack an egg on another and lie. But the luck to which he was entitled gave him an extra shot and, counting two, they squared the game. The last end was tense as the ice, and I had to play the last stone. What can a man have beyond good fortune? We won the kettle, and when "luck" was thrown at me I shook my head, saying, "It was Providence."

Inside the hut two flickering candles helped us to stow our stones away. Then I retrieved the hidden parcel, and, as its paper wrappings rustled, eyes grew curious. "Gentlemen," I said formally, "there was a tradition once upon a time that the Silver Kettle should be filled by the winning skip. I have been fortunate, despite drastic export to America, in acquiring a bottle of pure old Highland malt whisky out of a pot still."

It was a moment of primordial wonder. The skip who had been my opponent removed his cap and his eyes shone in the candlelight even more noticeably than in the full light of day, for to him in courtesy was handed the first dram. "Brothers," he began, "this is the true spirit." And for a short while we were brought among our ancestors, the brotherhood of hunting men. And the quintessence of it all warmed in the cup in his hand. Beyond the door of the hut the tall pines stood still and the frosty sky was evening-blue and remote and beneficent. **END**

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19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

NOTRE DAME (CONT.): MORE FACTS, PLEASE

Sirs:

I have just read *The Facts of the Matter* by the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame (SI, Jan. 19), as well as the preceding article, *Surrender at Notre Dame* (SI, Jan. 5).

Father Hesburgh insists that he did not "surrender" to pressure from the alumni. He stated that he received only two critical letters from alumni during the last football season. But he made no mention whatever of the number of complaints that were received by Mr. Krause, the director of athletics, or the faculty board in control of athletics.

Father Hesburgh implies that Brennan was fired not for losing too many games, but because Notre Dame wanted a stronger man.

Father Hesburgh made no mention of the fact that Brennan's 1958 outfit was one of the most colorful ever to represent the famous university. He made no mention of the fact that Notre Dame was always within striking distance, even in the games it lost. And of course, having made no mention of these facts, Father Hesburgh therefore forgot to explain why, or how, some people could have thought that this team and its coach weren't trying hard enough.

Father Hesburgh made one more very great omission. He forgot to explain why Director Krause told a group of Chicago sportswriters that "Terry Brennan was a better coach this season than he was last year, and he will be at Notre Dame for many, many years to come." This was less than a month before Brennan's firing, when, according to Father Hesburgh, he (Krause) concurred with the decision of the athletic board.

Inasmuch as it now seems apparent that he was in full knowledge of the board's intention to fire Brennan and that *he agreed with it, Krause is guilty of doing* what many Easterners insist can be done only in Los Angeles, telling someone something one day and then turning around and doing exactly the opposite the next.

The Facts of the Matter might answer the questions raised by the firing of Brennan well enough to suit Father Hesburgh and the inner circle at Notre Dame. But to my way of thinking this article leaves at least half the really important questions unanswered.

CHESTER GILLIS

Santa Monica, Calif.

THE DAVIS CUP

Sirs:

Three cheers and a *bien hecho* for your suggestion to exhibit the Davis Cup in Peru (SI, Jan. 12).

There is nothing, I think, that can better diminish the anti-U.S. feeling which exists in certain Peruvian elements than to allow the wonderful people of that country a rightful sense of identity.

BRUCE NICHOLSON

Denver

Sirs:

I would like to add my support to your proposal. Though I am a college student, I would be willing to make a small contribution to financing the sending of the Davis Cup to Peru. And if it would do any good, I would be willing to write my Congressman and Senator asking them for their support.

PHILIP HUFF

Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Sirs:

Olmedo is the first player to win the Davis Cup for the U.S. practically single-handed. It was done for France by Cochet in 1931 and for Australia by Sedgman in 1951, but never for us. If the doubles is counted as half a point, Olmedo earned $2\frac{1}{2}$ out of a total of 3 U.S. points. Tilden won 2½ for us three times, Budge and Kramer each once, but in each case our total was 4 or 5 points.

Olmedo's feat is all the more remarkable when it is considered that in the same year of 1958 he lost tournament matches galore, including all three meetings with Ham Richardson, the last one of which was the final match of the Japanese championships (6-2, 6-1, 6-4). It certainly proves the worth of Kramer as a coach for players of world stature. He is the best since Tilden in my opinion.

JEROME SCHEUER

Boston

Sirs:

Could we see more of your handsome Peruvian tennis player and wife hunter?

I shouldn't think he would be too lonely – *we think he is terribly attractive.*

NANCY EDWARDS

New Haven, Conn.

TRACK: FOREIGN IMPORTS

Sirs:

So the Big Ten collegiate track and field coaches want to bar alien students from the U.S. national amateur running and swimming titles. *The Proper Study of Sportsmen*, SI, Dec. 22.

I think it's time we realize that we can't be the best in everything, no matter how hard we try. There are a lot of people in the world who can do things better than Americans can.

Should a foreign student also be barred from making the honor roll, a fraternity or anything else the school offers because he is a so-called alien?

What will be the attitude of these coaches toward our Davis Cup victory since Alex Olmedo is from Peru?

ALBERT BAKER

Wilberforce, Ohio

OH, THAT APPLE!

Sirs:

Your picture of Miss Applebee, or The Apple, as everyone calls her (PAT ON THE BACK, Jan. 5), brought back a soul-shattering remembrance.

At hockey camp she thought I was not playing defense the way I should, so she whistled the game to a halt, strode out on the field and grabbed my stick to illustrate her point.

After a few acid remarks she whistled again for the game to begin, threw the ball to my opponent, walked off the field with my stick and tossed it as far as she could into the bushes.

There isn't a hockey player in the Philadelphia area who will ever forget her.

NANCY C. RANSOME

Riverton, N.J.

Sirs:

We were smart enough to run and run hard when The Apple yelled "Run with joy!" Oh, that there were more games like Miss Applebee to inspire girls to activity instead of halfheartedly allowing girls to participate in mild exercise.

Miss Applebee's drive and enthusiasm inspire joy of doing, pride in accomplishment and love in all who know her.

JANICE METCALF HANSEL

Houston

THE BEST FOOTBALL GAME EVER

Sirs:

If I were Johnny Unitas I'm not sure I would appreciate the fact that Tex Maule, in his piece about the Colt-Giant championship game (*The Best Football Game Ever Played*, Jan. 5), fairly to attribute to Alan Ameche the potent part The Horse plays in Unitas' success as a passer.

Maule apparently is unaware of the phrase "a fleet in being." Just as Britain's main naval power was compelled in World War I to remain close to home waters by the presence of Germany's "fleet in being," leaving the open Atlantic to the "forward passing" U-boats, so Ameche is the "fleet" that prevents opposing defenses from ruthlessly rushing the passer.

Conversely, a great passer does the same thing for such men as Ameche and Jim Brown. Unafraid of the Browns' passing game, the Giants sure ganged up on poor Jim in that playoff game.

The combination of Ameche and Unitas makes it possible for the Colts to divide and conquer.

E. S. KENNEDY

Kansas City, Mo.

PRO FOOTBALL: DEATH TO THE TIE

Sirs:

Now that pro football fans have tasted the sweet suspense of "sudden death" overtime (SI, Jan. 5 & 19), why don't the rulemakers get together quickly and make overtime play to a decision a permanent part of all football—high school, college and professional? Tie games are for the birds.

GERALD J. WEIPERT

Detroit

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR (CONT.)

Sirs:

Great as was Rafer Johnson's triumph in Moscow, perhaps even greater was the success he scored on his little-publicized tour for the State Department during the summer of 1957. While in Pakistan I was privileged to have Rafer spend three days with me in the schools of Karachi as he passed through on his Asian junket. Whether speaking to groups of teachers and college students, staging demonstrations for hundreds of barefoot Pakistani high school youngsters on the playgrounds, or good-naturedly kidding with the crowds of curious urchins who always followed us in the bazaars and streets, he was a perfect ambassador of good will for the U.S. His sincere, friendly, unaffected manner and his willingness to do anything asked of him made a tremendous impression on everyone.

Though his knee was bothering him at the time and the climate and diet were certainly far from conducive to athletic performance, he unselfishly agreed to demonstrate most of his events—even hurdling. He played volleyball with the students and took part in a softball game—all at the risk of further aggravating his injury.

The really remarkable thing was that at that time Rafer's name was not well known in Pakistan. He captivated the people not because of his reputation but through the quiet force of his personality.

Hail to Rafer Johnson—not only a real American sportsman but an outstanding member of the human race! If we could only send ambassadors like Rafer to every country in the world, the prestige of the U.S. would rise to an all-time high.

DICK LACEY

Track Coach, Memorial H. S.

Pelham, N.Y.

SKATING: FUN FOR ALL

Sirs:

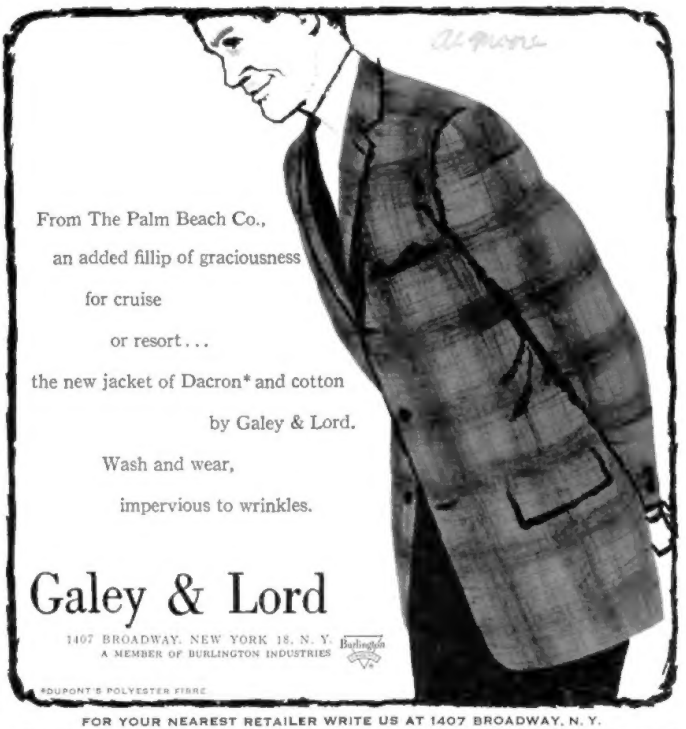
Congratulations on your latest right inside sweep for the whole family. I am referring, of course, to the two-part article by Maribel Vinson on figure skating (SI, Dec. 22 & Jan. 5).

The text by Mary Snow and the drawings by Robert Riger are so easy to follow that even this mother was inspired to try a shaky leg on the frozen ponds. Father and four lively children are enthusiastically deep in Mohawks and sweeps.

Let's have some more of these illustrated fundamentals of sports that all the family can actually try out step by step. They build our appreciation of a sport and encourage our participation.

MRS. EDWARD J. EDMUNDS

West Harwich, Mass.



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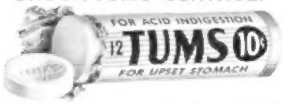

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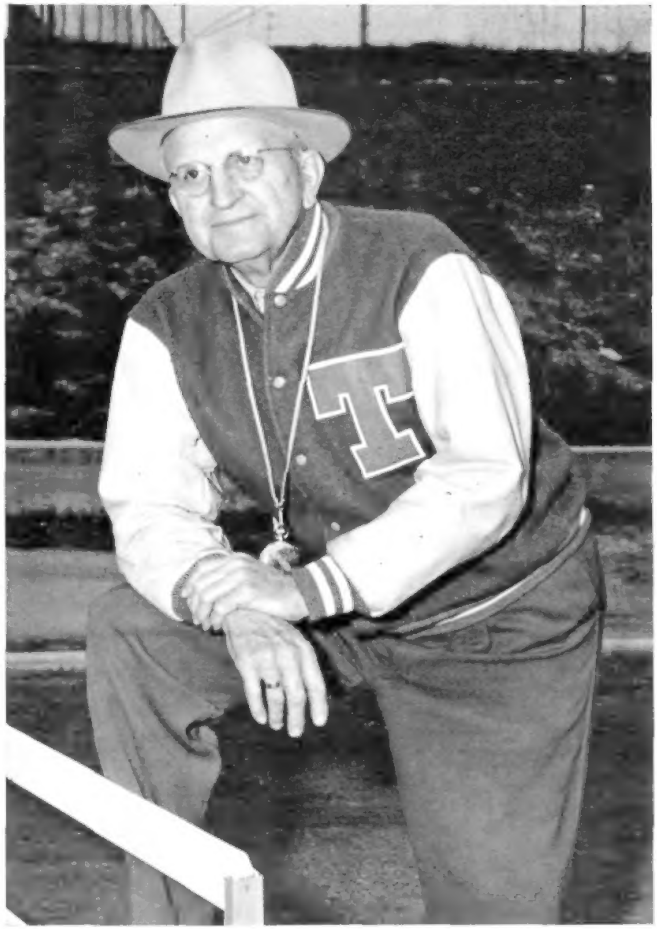


CLYDE LITTLEFIELD

'What counts are the friends'

It is now nearly five decades since Clyde Littlefield was the football, basketball and track hero at the University of Texas. He lettered 12 times —a record never equaled at Austin— and played on eight unbeaten teams.

In 1920 Littlefield returned to Austin to coach track, and since then his name has become synonymous with the great University of Texas teams that have won a total of 23 Southwest Conference championships, produced such runners as Charley Parker, Charley Thomas, Eddie Southern.

In recognition, the other night, came a proud moment of tribute. At a dinner in Dallas, Coach Littlefield was made a member of the Texas Sports Hall of Fame.

At such nostalgic times, Clyde Littlefield, a man of old-fashioned equanimity, speaks with feeling about the sport and the men: "Honors are fine for a coach, but really what counts are the friends and the achievements made by the boys he has coached."

Vive la French Cuff...
dashing new brim-edge idea on Dobbs Rainbow

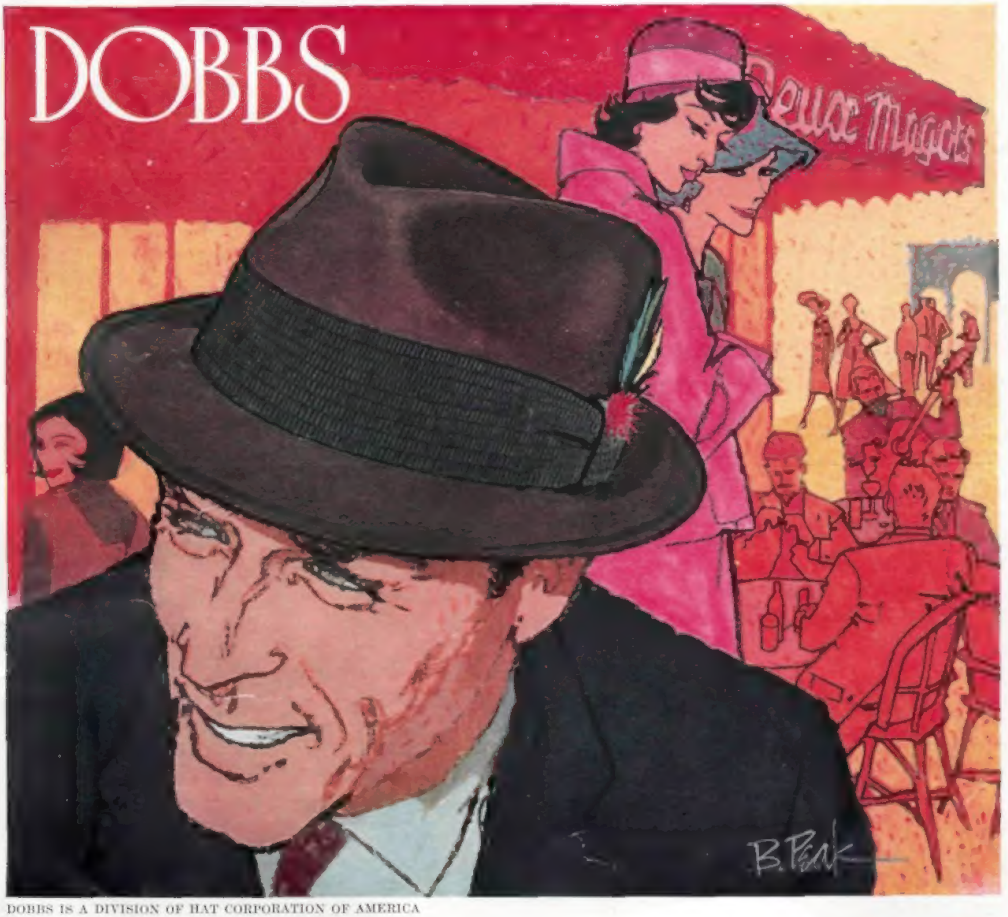
Our Dobbs stylist has created a most unusual felt style note . . . a fabric trim on the brim. Very handsome, indeed. He's matched it to the exclusive Dobbs Rainbow band and called it a *French Cuff*. Then, for a colorful touch, he added an authentic Rainbow trout fly ornament. The total effect . . . definitely dashing; decidedly debonair.

Below, Dobbs Rainbow in a pinch front. Trim brim and crown complement today's natural look. In Royal Ascot color with blue band for smart contrast. $12.95 and $15.00. Also in other colors. Dobbs hats available at finer stores throughout the U. S. Also Canada. From $10.95 to $100.

Dobbs, Park Ave. at 49th St., N.Y.

Dobbs French Cuff Rainbow in a smart new tapered telescope crown style. Shown here in lustrous soft Doctex finish. Willow is the color. $15.00.

Just a pinch makes a world of difference! Dobbs new French Cuff Rainbow with a popular pinch-front style. In new blue-grey color, Dawn Grey. $12.95 and $15.



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